

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

A Useful Present
for Wife, Sister,
or Sweetheart.

See Page 2.

No. 208.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, JULY 4, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

SKRYDLOFF—RUSSIA'S DE WET. HAS HE ESCAPED AGAIN?



Vice-Admiral Skrydloff, in command of the Vladivostok squadron, sketched on the bridge of his flagship. A man of daring and of tireless energy, it is to him that Russia is now looking. In his latest sortie from Vladivostok he has been overtaken by the Japanese fleet under Admiral Kamimura. Has he been defeated, or has he once more escaped?

BIRTHS.

CRISWICK—On July 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Criswick of Lonsdale, Parkerside, Westbury-on-Trym, a daughter.

GARSDEN—On July 1, at 22, Hyde Park-road, W., the wife of Frederick Garسد, of Brickmalt, Northiam, Sussex, of a daughter.

PURSER—On July 1, at 161, Casewick-road, West Norwood, the wife of G. A. Purser, of a son.

BETROTHAL.

PATEY-BROWN—The marriage of Mr. Arthur Patey, House of Commons, Westminster, and Jessie, daughter of the late Peter Brown, of Kilmarlock, and Mrs. Brown, 63, Calverdale, Streatham Hill, S.W., will take place in September.

MARRIAGES.

MORTON-LESLIE—On Friday, July 1, at St. Stephen's Church, Putney, by the Rev. Palmer Rogers, a son, Philip Sidney, son of Robert Morton, Esq., of 27, Hamilton-terrace, N.W., to Philadelphia Fraser Pinkerton, youngest daughter of the late W. Morton Leslie, Esq., M.D., of Stonehaven, N.B., and of Mrs. Leslie, 40, Oakhill-road, Putney, S.W.

WOOD-CHAPLIN—On July 1, at St. John's Church, Southend-on-Sea, by the Rev. Dr. Lindsay, James Patrick Wood, eldest son of George Wood, of Ashleyville, Southend-on-Sea, to Alice, sixth daughter of the late Joseph Chaplin, of Abingdon, Berks.

DEATHS.

LANGHAM—On July 1, at Priory Mount, Hastings, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Frederick Adolphus Langham.

SLANDERS—On July 1, at Park Lodge, King's-road, Clapham Park, London, S.W., David Slanders, aged 90, late of Nelson, New Zealand. No flowers, by request. New Zealand papers, please cut out.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," Carnarville-st., London.

PERSONAL.

DARLING—Many thanks. Waiting for wedding ring—ANNIE.

GREEN—Lines clear. Need not fear. Will you act or shall it—RED LIGHT.

FRENCH—As naval officer, having met with reverses, desire to emigrate to Canada as confidential secretary to high personage having relations with France. Highest references and best letters. Apply to Messrs. H. O. & S. Bureau, Restaurant, rue Grammont, Paris.

LOST—brown gelding, 15.2, with black points; also a spring rally car, black body with red wheels picked out black; by Morgan, blue cloth cushions, brass dash, rail, and black harness with brass mounts. Hired from Talbot Yard, Richmond, Surrey. Any one giving information of the above will be well rewarded.

LOST—on 29th, pendant miniatures 2 children. Handsome reward if returned.—Empress Club, Dover-street.

ELECTROLYSIS—Cure guaranteed.—Miss Thomson, 166, Regent-street.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 2d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," Carnarville-st., London.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS is being attended by thousands of Officers from the 49 countries and Colonies in which the Army is at work.

TO-DAY (4th), Commander BOOTH-TUCKER from America will arrive at 10.15 a.m. at Victoria Station. He will be met by the Rev. Canon Lewis and Mr. S. B. B. at the EXETER HALL, Strand, 7.30 p.m. Reserved Seats 6d. Numbered Reserved Seats 1s. Commissioner Howard will conduct an Asiatic Demonstration in the Congress Hall, Clapton, at 7.30 p.m. Reserved Seats 6d.

TO-MORROW (5th), INTERNATIONAL DAY at the CIVIC STALL PALACE. Public Meetings all day. General BOOTH in COMMAND. For full particulars see detailed Programme.

Tickets may be obtained at the Ticket Office in front of the newly constructed International Hotel, Strand, or from the Congress Secretary, 101, Queen Victoria-st., E.C.

SHIPPING, TOURS, Etc.

POLYTECHNIC HOLIDAY TOURS.

A WEEK IN SWITZERLAND, 5 GUINEAS.—Conducted Tours to all parts of Switzerland, the Rhine, Paris, Scotland, Norway, etc.—Details of our 40 Tours and Cruises an application to the Polytechnic, 309, Regent-street, London, W.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT at 9.

Proceeded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOL.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. Mr. Lewis WALLER.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING at 8.

MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS at 5.

MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.

Proceeded at 8.15 by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

SHAFTSBURY. EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in

THE PRINCE OF PILES.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY at 2.15.

Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Last 11 Nights. Last 11 Nights.

FINAL AND 100TH PERFORMANCE, FRIDAY, JULY 15, AT 8.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, AT 8.15.

By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce.

At 8.30, "OP OF THE THUMB," by F. Fenn and R. Pryce.

LAST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

THE OXFORD.—HACKENSCHMIDT (at 10.55): LONEY HASKELL, the famous American Monologist; VESTIA TILLY, Geo. Mount, Clark and Hamilton, Vesta Victoria, 5 Belwiners, Tom Fox and Co. Sisters Downes, and other stars. Open 7.30. Box Office open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.—Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.

GREAT SPORTS EXHIBITION.

Sir Brian Macintyre's "Pony" Machine.

Mr. Charles O'Leary's Company in

"A CASE FOR EVICTION." (GOLF FOR NOTHING.)

A NEW SWEAT, in the Theatre at 4.0 and 8.0.

Band of H.M. Coast Guard and other attractions.

BROCK'S FIREWORKS.

EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

Table d'Hôte Lunches and Dinners in the new Dining-Rooms, overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

THE CHARMING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.

119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st. Within, E.C. London.

and Bedford Charing Cross, W. London.

Assets, £577,790. Liabilities, £285,680. Surplus, £292,110.

40 per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as order.

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 per cent. ann.

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

The Termination Deposit Bonds pay nearly nine per cent., and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Westerly breezes, mostly fair, sunny and warm; a few very local showers.

Lighting-up time: 9.17 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth generally.

THE WAR.

Two more Russian warships—a guardship and a torpedo boat—have been sunk by the Japanese fleet in an attack off Port Arthur on Monday last. A junk ran on to a floating mine, and twenty Chinese were killed.—(Page 3.)

After an exciting chase by Admiral Kamimura's squadron, the beloved wife of Frederick Adolphus Langham, the raiding Vladivostok squadron escaped under cover of fog, rain, and darkness. The movements of the Japanese land forces are taken by the Russians to be retirements, and the Russians are said to have re-occupied three passes which the Japanese captured last week.—(Page 3.)

GENERAL.

With much picturesque ceremony Lord Curzon was on Saturday at Dover installed as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.—(Page 4.)

The Mullah, according to a Reuter message from Aden, is reported to be south of Nugal, with 6,000 men and 2,000 rifles.—(Page 3.)

The Tibetan peace delegates have declared that they are in earnest in soliciting terms.—(Page 3.)

H.M.S. Buzzard, off Blackfriars, was gaily trimmed on Saturday for the visit of the Lord Mayor.—(Page 4.)

Parisians gave the representatives of English working-men's club visiting their city a warm reception yesterday.—(Page 3.)

Eleven cars have already entered for the new Mirror motor trials.—(Page 13.)

Afraid evidently of the crowd that was waiting outside the "Abode of Love," Pigott, the "Clap-ton Messiah," did not venture outside his Spaxton retreat on Saturday.—(Page 5.)

Extraordinary scenes in connection with the visit of Rae, the Scotch bonsetter, were again witnessed in Bolton on Saturday. Hundreds of cripples besieged his hotel.—(Page 4.)

After barely a year's married life, Mr. Charles Arthur White parted with his wife on Monday last at Charing Cross, and has not been heard of since. It is believed he is either suffering from loss of memory or has been the victim of foul play.—(Page 5.)

Eleven young men, made up like Chinamen, on Saturday paraded Chertsey, where an election campaign is being vigorously carried on.—(Page 4.)

LAW AND CRIME.

By the arrest of William Alfred Carter, a seaman, who has told a remarkable story, the police are provided with a possible clue to the recovery of the Nelson relics stolen from Greenwich Hospital two years ago.—(Page 5.)

Arrested for trying the doors of Kew houses, a man, who turned out to be a lunatic, was found to have £900 in his possession.—(Page 4.)

After killing his wife, Frederick Oliver, at Risca (Mon.), tried to commit suicide. He afterwards gave himself up at the police-station.—(Page 4.)

SPORT.

J. F. Marsh, by scoring 172 not out for Cambridge against Oxford, broke the record for the individual score in the Varsity Match, previously held by R. E. Foster, Oxford, with 171. The match ended in a draw.—(Page 14.)

Leon Meredith won the annual 100 miles cycling race for the Carwardine Cup at the Crystal Palace in record time.—(Page 15.)

The amateur athletic championships were decided at Rochdale on Saturday. Shrub carried off the mile and four miles' events. The most interesting race, however, was the 100 yards, in which the holder, the American champion, A. E. Duffy, was beaten by J. W. Morton, of the South London Harriers.—(Page 15.)

Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion, is now acknowledged champion wrestler of the world. He beat Jenkins at the Royal Albert Hall.—(Page 4.)

The life-saving swimming race for the King's cup in Highgate Ponds on Saturday was won by F. Gadsby, a one-legged Nottingham swimmer, who beat J. A. Jarvis, the champion swimmer of the world.—(Page 15.)

FINANCE.

Business was very slack on the Stock Exchange on Saturday. Consols were not good, and adversely affected the gilt-edged market. In Foreigners, Japs went dull on talk of a new loan. The market was very idle and featureless in the Miscellaneous section. Two disastrous reports from the mines did not help Rhodesians. "Bears" closed to keep Kafirs up.—(Page 6.)

HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

Auctions.

SHELL BEACH ESTATES—FIRST PORTION.

MR. F. W. B. HESTER will SELL by AUCTION in the Winter Garden's Sale Room, Canvey-island, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, July 6 and 7, at 3 o'clock sharp, 50 PLOTS of FRESHLY BUILT LAND, situated on the Shell Beach Estates, including main road, shop plots, house plots, and plots for building. Opportunity for cheap sensible investments. Easy payments. Free deeds, free licence, free plans, free title to view.—Apply Auctioneer, 45, Newchurch-st., E.C. Advances arranged for Builders on the above estates. Sale train leaves No. 4 platform, Fenchurch-st. Station, at 10.40. Clerk in attendance.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

WIMBLEDON—Villas to let, or sale on easy terms; tents from £35; handsome elevations; tastefully decorated; electric light and fittings; sand and gravel soil. Polychrome cricket ground adjoining; trains to City and West End every few minutes; convenient motor-bus to station in four minutes.—Apply for photo and particulars of Polychrome Estate, Limited, Wimbledon.

WIMBLEDON—52, Griffiths; well-furnished House to let, August 19; 7 rooms, bath (4 and 2); 2 views a week.

Flats to Let.

FLAT-HUNTING—Apartments found to suit by experienced young lady; fee moderate.—Address Miss Bright, 24, Silver-st., Kensington.

Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

CHEAPEST LAND ever offered, near Southend-on-Sea; acres and large plots; 2 miles inland; main road frontage; excellent soil; built-up and open building sites; splendid sites for poultry farms; fruit growing, frontage, nurseries, etc. Great Auction Sale, Thursday, July 7; without reserve; easy terms, free deeds, free title to view.—Apply The Land Company, 68, Chesham, E.C.

FOR Sale cheap, 7 nice Cottages; only want property; pretty and improving district.—Call on the agent at Mrs. Roby's, 2, Canmore-st., Staines, Bucks.

MORTGAGES Sale, £450.—Semi-detached villas, 5 bed rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 W.C.s, 2 porches, 2 garages, 2 outbuildings; close Hither-green Station.—Apply Mr. Donald 96, Manor Park, Lee, E.C.

SIXPENCE a day for five years will enable you to enter into possession of a house worth £500 in any district.—Apply, mentioning "Daily Mirror," to J. Green, Esq., 72, Bishopsgate-st. Without, London, E.C.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A—How Money Makes Money.—Post free to all mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody with £1 capital upwards how large profits may be made. £10 can be made from £5 to £10 per week, and £100 to £1,000. Capital returned at any moment.—Ridley and Skinner, 11, Penitentiary, London, E.C.

FIVE POUNDS to £500 ADVANCED, on shortest notice, on approved note of hand, no auction required; trade borrowers' convenience; strictly private; no fees or charges unless business completed.—Call or write for full particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 235, Romaine-road, Forest-gate, E. London.

LOANS—£25 and upwards; repayable monthly, by post.—Apply Gould, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

MONEY advanced to Homeholders and others; 65 to £1,000 without cost or interest; repayable by instalments; borrowers' convenience.—Call or write Charles Stevens and Co., 29, Gillingham-st., Victoria Station.

MONEY—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the well-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.

"We do not say from to-day onwards there is going to be a large rise in American, but we do say undoubtedly that between now and the end of June American Railway Shares should be selling many points higher." This is what we wrote our clients on 31st May last, advising a purchase of American. You can have equally good information if you will communicate with us. Send at once for latest advice.—Roberts and Co., 25, Rother-st., London, E.C. Telegrams, Buileigh, London. Telephone, 1,755 Central.

£5 to £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on approved note of hand, no auction required; trade borrowers' convenience; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere make or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 15, Islington-green, Islington, London.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

BOARD-RESIDENCE, Sea front, 21s. to 25s. inclusive.—Mrs. Anderson, 14, Felham-crescent, Hastings.

BOURNEMOUTH—Comfortable apartments near sea; moderate terms; board optional; recommended.—Waver-ton, Bournemouth.

BRIGHTON—Johannesburg Boarding Establishment. Grand-pavilion; moderate charges; thoroughly comfortable and homelike.

GREAT YARMOUTH—Gairdhill Hotel for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.

LOWESTOFT (Kirkley Cliff-End)—The Myrtles and New-chate Boarding Establishments; terms from 30s.—Mrs. John Welham.

MISS WILLIS, Stone House, Burch Castle, Yarmouth.—Comfortable Apartments, with board; house close to river; cleaner than daily; the old Roman walls close by.

WANTED, furnished rooms, close to river and boat-house; near station (Waterloo Bridge)—Write 1,447, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.R.L.E. The Bull's Head minor school for boys under 13; 45-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

VOCALISTS, Pianists.—Well-known Professor receives few amateurs as Pupil to train professionals; particulars post free.—Professor, 85, St. Paul's-st., Highbury.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

HANDSOME Black Pomeranian Dog; 13 months; 8lb. weight; perfect pet; clean in house; 3 months; 9c. approval.—Clarke, 37, Great St. Andrew-st., London, W.C.

CAT (Persian) wanted.—Quote price to L. R. Clarence, Brookwood, Surrey.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 16.

A PRESENT THAT WILL PLEASE



IS A "DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN

Because it is a sensible present that will give long service. The price,

HALF-A-CROWN,

is only possible by this means of advertising the "Daily Mirror" having been adopted.

The "DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN in 3 sizes of Pen Nibs, FINE, MEDIUM, BROAD.

State Plainly on Coupon which style you prefer.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to PEN DEPARTMENT, The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville Street, London, E.C.

I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7½d., for which please send "D.M." Fountain Pen to

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

N.B.....

SEND SIXPENCE MORE and we will also send you a PEN POCKET CASE. You may purchase the pen at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

THE MAYBRICK CASE REVIVED.

Britain and America Join To Prove That She Is Innocent.

FREE PARDON DEMANDED.

New and Important Evidence To Be Brought Forward.

PETITION TO THE KING.

Interest in the case of Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Maybrick is again to be revived in America and this country on the eve of Mrs. Maybrick's complete restoration to freedom, after fifteen years' imprisonment, the concluding six months of which have been spent in the Home of the Epiphany at Truro, the cathedral city of Cornwall.

In the year 1889 Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to death at Liverpool on a charge of poisoning her husband, James Maybrick, with arsenic. Mr. Henry Matthews, the then Home Secretary, in response to numerous petitions, the outcome of a strong feeling in this country, commuted the death sentence to penal servitude for life, which means twenty years in the case of women who, like Mrs. Maybrick, have been sentenced under the age of thirty.

Having an unblemished record for good conduct in prison, three months were deducted from each year, making Mrs. Maybrick's total term of servitude fifteen years, ending on the 30th of the present month.

In America—and for that matter in England also—a belief in the unjustness of Mrs. Maybrick's sentence has been very generally entertained.

Our New York correspondent sends us the text of the following remarkable article, which appeared yesterday in the "New York World." It marks the culmination of the prevailing American sentiment, which is to take the form of a petition to King Edward for a free pardon.

WHAT AMERICA FEELS.

When (says the "World") our countrywoman, Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, has been released on July 30 this year, fifteen years after the opening of her trial in Liverpool, England, on the corresponding day of 1889, the Maybrick case will be revived in America and Great Britain in a sensational way.

Mrs. Maybrick herself, her mother, the Baroness de Raques, and a host of friends on both sides of the Atlantic, have all along strenuously insisted upon her innocence of the charge of murdering her husband, James Maybrick, a Liverpool cotton merchant, by poisoning him with arsenic.

On many occasions Mrs. Maybrick appealed from Aylesbury prison to the English authorities for a re-investigation of her case, and a new trial at which the evidence gathered by her friends and suppressed in 1889 could be produced to establish her innocence.

Lack of a Court of Criminal Appeal has proved an insuperable obstacle to the attainment of this object, while the incarceration of Mrs. Maybrick barred the way to an agitation, conducted by herself, for a reform in the criminal law of her adopted country. Tens of thousands of people in England, and hundreds of thousands in America regard Mrs. Maybrick as a martyr to the inefficiency of the English judicial system.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

But Mrs. Maybrick's friends will not be content to let by-gones be by-gones. A determined effort will be made, in the assurance of ultimate success, to demonstrate to the whole world that an innocent woman has for fifteen years been confined in English prisons under the stigma of killing the father of her children. Mrs. Maybrick has two children, a son and a daughter. She has not seen them for fifteen years or their photographs for twelve years. They are now grown up, and it is yet hoped to bring mother and children together in mutual love and respect.

It will not be considered enough on the part of Mrs. Maybrick's friends to show that she has been unjustly imprisoned, by reason of the admitted doubt as to her guilt, though this is a point regarding which the whole bar of England is unanimous. Much more will be attempted.

The great project is to establish Mrs. Maybrick's innocence. King Edward will be approached, by the medium of a great petition, to

grant Mrs. Maybrick a free pardon, which shall serve to her as a passport to the society of honest and upright people.

Along with this pardon, reparation will be asked for in the form of a sum of money. There are precedents for this course, and it will be shown that innocent convicts have been recompensed by the British authorities at the rate of £1,000 for each year of their unjust imprisonment.

An abundance of evidence has been collected, which cannot fail to convince Mrs. Maybrick's countrymen and her adopted fellow-citizens in England—for Mrs. Maybrick is an American by birth and parentage—that she neither compassed her husband's death, nor in any way whatever attempted to kill him.

The hollowness of the entire case for the prosecution will be laid bare by the new light to be cast upon the celebrated Maybrick case. It will be completely proved that James Maybrick did not die of arsenical poisoning at all, as was indeed hinted at the time by the then Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews, when in granting a remission of Mrs. Maybrick's sentence he said: "There is reasonable ground for doubt whether the deceased died of arsenical poisoning."

NO SECRET EVIDENCE.

During her imprisonment Mrs. Maybrick's enemies have not ceased to seek to do her harm. They have repeatedly circulated a statement to the effect that the Home Office in London held the trump card against her, but refrained from laying it before the public. That is a lie.

There is in existence a letter from Mr. Asquith, written while he was Home Secretary, in which he says explicitly that the Home Office have no secret evidence of any sort against Mrs. Maybrick. It was also set about that Mrs. Maybrick had confessed to the crime, and would spend the remainder of her days in a convent.

A lady who visited Mrs. Maybrick many times recently authorises us to say that this is a diabolical invention. Mrs. Maybrick has resolved to make it her first concern to prove that she is "innocent before God," to use her own words.

"MRS. GRAHAM" AT CHURCH.

When first she entered the Truro home, Mrs. Maybrick was almost reduced to a skeleton—a sad contrast to her appearance in the year 1889. Now she has regained much of her former health and cheerfulness. The Sisters, among whom she passes her days, regard her as one of themselves, making no allusion whatever to her and history.

She is known amongst them as Mrs. Graham. Every Sunday she attends Divine worship at Truro Cathedral, disguised in the uniform of the Sisterhood. The inhabitants of the little Cornish capital are aware of her presence in their midst, but they respect her wish to pass unrecognized.

Immediately after her release she sails for America with her mother, to appear as a witness in a property lawsuit in the New York Courts. This dates back to an incident at her trial. But before leaving England the movement for a free pardon will be set on foot, and she will return here to vigorously prosecute the agitation by which she will establish her innocence.

GERMAN ANGLOPHOBES.

Why the Kaiser's Army Hates England.

Lieutenant Bilse is in London. Few men have been more talked of than the author of "Aus Kleiner Garrison," the book which exposed life in a small German garrison town, and brought its author a term of imprisonment.

The book has been translated into fourteen languages, and fully a million copies have been sold.

Interviewed by a Press representative, the Lieutenant spoke interestingly as to the feeling in the German Army with regard to Great Britain.

"The German Army," he said, "does not love the British Army, and when the two forces meet every Teuton will fight in a spirit of personal and private enmity towards the Britisher who faces him."

He pointed out that when the combined European armies were in China the German officers held a dinner to which representatives of all the foreign regiments were invited, excepting the British. The fact that the English language was absent from the speeches was referred to by one orator. "We do not want the English language here," said a German speaker, "nor do we want the English people."

"The cause of the ill-feeling in the German Army against the British Army," the ex-lieutenant said, "is that in the early stages of the South African war a photograph of the Emperor William which decorated the officers' mess of the Kaiser's favourite regiment in London was destroyed because the Emperor sent the telegram to Lord Kruger. This act angered the whole German Army. They remember it still, and although I greatly admire the British Army and people, I fear my former comrades will never forget what they regarded as a personal insult."

PRESENT FOR THE KING'S PILOT.

The King on Saturday sent a handsome gold pin, set with diamonds and rubies, to Mr. W. K. Herd, of Dover, who was pilot in charge of the royal yacht on his Majesty's recent visit to Kiel.

CHASE OF RUSSIAN RAIDERS.

Darkness Enables the Vladivostok Squadron To Escape.

TOGO'S LATEST EXPLOIT.

Russia Loses Two More Warships at Port Arthur.

Admiral Togo reports another Japanese success off Port Arthur in the sinking of a Russian guard-ship and a torpedo-boat during a severe fight on Monday.

Aided by fog and rain and darkness the Russian Vladivostok squadron has escaped once more from Admiral Kamimura's ships. There was an exciting chase, and the ships got within firing distance, but when the Japanese were gaining on the fleeing enemy the Russians suddenly extinguished all their lights and disappeared.

If Russian reports are to be believed the situation on land has quite changed since Saturday. The Japanese are said to be retiring from the passes they won last week, and the Russians are said to have recaptured them and to be assuming the offensive. These changes of position by the Japanese are probably carefully planned, and although they may appear in Russian eyes to be in the nature of retirements, there is no reason to believe that the Japanese are in any way weakening the acknowledged strength of their main positions.

TOGO'S FRESH ATTACK.

Two More Russian Ships Sunk Off Port Arthur.

According to a telegram received at the Japanese Legation in London yesterday, Admiral Togo has again attacked the Port Arthur fleet, and sunk two Russian warships.

His report is as follows:—

"The twelfth torpedo-boat flotilla on the night of June 27 attacked and sank enemy's guardship of two masts and three funnels outside Port Arthur. The same flotilla then exchanged fire with the enemy's destroyers, whereof one was observed captured and sank."

"Our casualties, 14 dead and 3 wounded."

A Reuter message from Tokio describes the guardship as being either a battleship or a first-class cruiser.

The Russians' searchlights revealed the presence of the attacking vessels, and the forts opened a heavy fire.

The Japanese surrounded and attacked the Russian guardship, which was seen to sink, volumes of water being thrown up by a heavy explosion as she went down. The Russian destroyers immediately attacked, and the Japanese replied.

A Russian destroyer was seen in the rays of the searchlight to blow up.

It is said that the Japanese had thirty men killed and four wounded.

AFFAIRS REACHING A CRISIS.

From Chifu it is stated that affairs are reaching a crisis at Port Arthur.

The cordon round the fortress is being drawn even closer. Since last week the Japanese have advanced from every point, obliging the Russian outposts to withdraw.

Arrangements are being made to bring the women and children away.

All Russian subjects in Port Arthur have been ordered to take their places in the ranks of the defending forces.

RAIDERS ESCAPE.

Fog and Rain Help the Russians in an Exciting Chase.

The answer to the question which is asked on page 1 was received last night in the following message:—

TOKIO, Sunday.

The Vladivostok squadron succeeded in eluding the Japanese fleet to the eastward of Tsushima on Friday night under cover of darkness, drizzling rain, and fog. The two squadrons met early on Friday evening, a distance of ten miles separating the combatants.

The Russians, on discovering the presence of

Admiral Kamimura, made off in a north-easterly direction, the Japanese pursuing them at full speed.

The Japanese torpedo-boats steamed ahead, and got within range of the Russian guns. The latter vigorously shelled the torpedo-boats.

Admiral Kamimura gained on the Russians, and at nine o'clock the Japanese were only five miles behind, when suddenly the Russians extinguished their lights and disappeared into the darkness. At the time that the Japanese torpedo-boats were pressing the Russians the latter were using their searchlights. Admiral Kamimura's torpedo-boats failed to get close enough to discharge torpedoes at the retreating Russian warships.—Reuter's Special Service.

RETIREMENT REPORTED.

Russians Re-occupy Passes Evacuated by the Japanese.

According to a number of reports from Russian sources, the situation in Manchuria has altogether changed.

The Russians are said to be advancing while the Japanese are making a general retirement.

One message from Liao-yang reads:—

"Our troops are taking the offensive. The three passes which were occupied by the Japanese have been captured by our forces."

A detachment of Cossacks attacked and annihilated a Japanese brigade on the Su-yen, Tashiching road.—Reuter.

Another correspondent at Liao-yang says it is feared, however, that the Japanese withdrawal is only intended to mask the junction with General Oku.

A St. Petersburg message states that an Anglo-Russian agreement was signed on Saturday. Great Britain is to protect Russian sealing stations in Kamtschatka and obtain in return the right to establish a coaling station at Petropavlovsk, on the Siberian coast.—Exchange Telegraph Co.

LECTURING THE TIBETANS.

Peace Delegates Told Plain Truths by British Colonel.

GYANTSE, Saturday.

To-day a durbar was held at the mission camp, which was attended by the Tongsa Penlop and the Tibetans' peace delegates.

After the usual preliminaries, Colonel Young-husband made a speech, Captain O'Connor translating it sentence by sentence. In the course of his speech Colonel Young-husband said that more than a year had passed since he had arrived at Khamba Jong for the purpose of negotiation. He then set forth the views of the Government of India, which were to confirm the terms of the treaty which the Tibetans had repudiated, in spite of the fact that it had been made by the Amban (Chinese Resident).

He pointed out that he had at first purposely gone without soldiers in order to show that his intentions were peaceful. The people had refused to listen to him.

They had even refused to make a report to Lhasa, and when, a few months afterwards, Brigadier-General Macdonald arrived, they had been foolish enough to attempt to oppose him.

The delegates declared they were in earnest in soliciting terms.—Reuter.

FAMOUS CHAUFFEURS KILLED.

Collision with a Tree Causes Loss of Two Lives.

BORDEAUX, Sunday.

Béconnais, the well-known chauffeur, and his assistant were killed in an accident yesterday. They left Bordeaux in the afternoon for Bayonne, driving a powerful racing-car.

Near Labouheyre, in the Landes, a tyre burst, and the car collided with a tree, being completely smashed. A man who was working in the fields, heard the collision, and hurried to the spot, where he found the occupants of the car lying dead.

Both of them had fractured their skulls.—Reuter.

SOMALI TROUBLE AGAIN.

ADEN, Saturday.

The Mullah is reported to be south of the Nugal with 6,000 men and 2,000 rifles. He is said to have large supplies of ammunition and transport. The Mijertain and other friendly tribes are believed to have joined him. The Ogaden tribe is restless.—Reuter.

PRIZE FIGHT BY SOCIETY MEN.

NEW YORK, Saturday.

Mr. Charles Willing, a relation of Mrs. J. J. Astor, and Mr. F. C. Dade, two very well-known members of Philadelphia society, agreed, as the outcome of a trivial quarrel, to a fight to the finish under the terms of the prize ring with 300 gloves.

Twenty-five furious rounds were fought, when Mr. Dade was knocked out.—Laffan.

STRIFE OF TITANS.

Homeric Struggle Between Russian Lion and Jenkins.

LADIES EXCITED WITNESSES

"It might be ancient Rome, and this the Coliseum."

Thus a spectator of a classic turn at the Albert Hall on Saturday. Indeed, some stately Roman of the time of Vespasian or Diocletian would not have felt very strange in the vast building, watching the struggle of Titans, the meeting of the Russian lion, Hackenschmidt, and the American Jenkins for the wrestling championship.

There was the same strained earnestness among the spectators that might have been seen at the combat of a hundred gladiators—the same suppressed excitement, the same whole-hearted worship of physical prowess.

Society People in Crowds.

Fashion, beauty, wealth were all represented; there were dames from Mayfair and fair, young beauties, whose interest in sport had hitherto been confined to attending fashionable amateur sports at Lord's or Hurlingham. And here and there were to be seen well-known American women of fashion. The men were scarcely an exception were of the fashionable world—among them many well-known noblemen, M.P.s, and a couple of Cabinet Ministers.

As for the champions, the decadent race that owned the sway of the Cæsars could not have produced such magnificent men. Jenkins was the first to appear.

Round after round of applause greeted him. His figure was the perfection of athletic symmetry, with muscles splendidly, but not over, developed. He held his head confidently erect, unmoved by the thunder of applause.

A moment later Hackenschmidt sprang on to the mat. A comparison of the two men showed many points in the Russian's favour. Though he weighed only 31b. more than Jenkins, he looked at least a stone or two heavier. With his splendid shoulders and grand, pillar-like neck, it seemed impossible that any living wrestler could defeat him. But Jenkins, who was measuring him keenly with his eye, stood there ready to try.

A Titanic Struggle.

"Time!" called the timekeeper. The whole house leaned forward, tense with excitement, resolved not to miss the slightest move of the two men. Warily the champions tested each other's strength, but for 24 minutes with no advantage to either. Then Hackenschmidt got Jenkins round the waist and flung him to the carpet.

From that moment, and for the first time in his wrestling life, except when pitted against the tremendous Turk, Halil Adali, Jenkins was on the defensive. But a cooler, more confident, cleverer wrestler than the American never yet stepped on the mat.

Vainly Hackenschmidt tried every trick of the wrestler's art, his opponent had a counter for every move. The great shoulders of the Russian worked, his terrible biceps hardened to steel in his efforts to get Jenkins's shoulders to the mat. But it was wasted effort, Jenkins foiled every move with unerring accuracy.

Conquered by Strength.

Then Hackenschmidt's terrific strength became apparent. From his knees he rose, gripping Jenkins round the waist and lifting his burden shoulder high, flung it to the mat, pouncing like a cat to finish his work. But Jenkins was again on his hands and knees, prepared.

And so it went on. Useless efforts by Hackenschmidt to get Jenkins's shoulders down alternated by lifting him in his herculean arms and flinging him down. Only once in the first bout was Jenkins the aggressor. Cleverly escaping from a "half Nelson" he caught the Russian, and, lifting him, threw him.

Then it became evident that the Russian must be the winner, for when Jenkins was uppermost it was perfectly apparent that his strength was as nothing to that of the Muscovite, who, gaining a neck hold, forced the American's shoulders slowly but surely downwards, and gained the first fall in 20min. 35sec. The second bout was sooner over, and took only 14min. 27sec. In this, after the first minute, Jenkins was again entirely on the defensive.

Hackenschmidt, who received a great ovation, took his honours modestly. He is a great wrestler, and is without doubt now the champion of the world, but it was strength, not cleverness, that enabled him to defeat the plucky American.

EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt in Derbyshire yesterday afternoon, the exact time of the disturbance being generally agreed upon as 3.21. There was a low rumbling noise lasting several seconds, which ended in a distinct shock that agitated houses and buildings to their foundations. A shock lasting four seconds was also felt at Sandbach at a quarter past three.

ELECTION PANTOMIME.

Chinese Under a Rand Legree Masquerade at Chertsey.

The Chertsey election will go down to posterity as one in which the Chinese question took the forefront.

In default of the real Chinaman recourse has been had to imitations, and from the Liberal committee-rooms in Chertsey there sallied forth on Saturday night eleven young men with their faces made up in Celestial fashion. They wore long pigtails and variously coloured Chinese costumes, and, under the supervision of a stern overseer armed with an awful whip, they mounted bicycles and made a tour of the constituency.

Never has an electioneering campaign been carried on with greater sprightliness.

When night falls people paste the front of each others houses with posters hostile to the political opinions of the tenants. Last Saturday night quite a large number of Chertsey's people were engaged in this pursuit, and many were the manoeuvres to get the last turn at houses before daylight broke.

The rest of the population was sitting up armed with water jugs or holding trusty watch dogs in leash. Some of the amateur billposters were drenched, others were pursued by a respected townsman, painfully light attire, and others barely escaped a big black and white dog.

H.M.S. BUZZARD "AT HOME."

Lord Mayor Inspects the Blackfriars Buccaneers and Their Ship.

The Hon. Rupert Guinness and the officers of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, on board the Buzzard, off Blackfriars, held "An At Home on Saturday afternoon.

The Lord Mayor (Sir J. T. Ritchie) was there as chief guest. Earl Selborne, Mr. Justice Grant-ham, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, and Hon. T. A. Brassey also came.

Along the Embankment, in spite of the rain, a long line of sightseers gathered early. The principal point of interest was the boat boom, jutting from the vessel's side, along which there was hope that the Lord Mayor might shuffle on board, in the manner of the volunteers.

This anticipation of fun was disappointed. A gangway was rigged up deftly. Launches with awnings and an open boat manned by three fine stalwart "buccaneers" fell to plying rapidly between the Conservancy pier, opposite the Temple, to take the visitors on board.

The Lord Mayor and his party, after watching a smart exhibition of gun drill, made a tour of inspection, and learnt that the division "buccaneers" consisted now of over 900 men, nine companies in all. He then drank tea and ate ices, while the band of the Portsmouth division Royal Marines gave selections of music.

GAOLBIRDS AS FIREMEN.

Prisoners Assist in Quelling an Outbreak in a Gaol.

Great excitement was caused at Shepton Mallet on Saturday night by an outbreak of fire at the prison. The fire brigade was quickly on the scene, and about 100 prisoners who were in danger were removed to a place of safety—all being systematically enumerated as they were taken away. The fire broke out in the roof above the men's quadrangle, and extensive damage was done before, after much hard work, the flames were extinguished.

Perfect order was maintained among the prisoners, and many of them gave the firemen useful help. The governor's quarters and chapel were unhurt. A number of the prisoners were yesterday removed to the cells at Wells Assizes Court.

LIBERAL SEAT RETAINED.

No change in the position of political parties arises from the return of Mr. J. S. Higham to the House of Commons as Liberal member for the Sowerby division of Yorkshire.

Mr. W. Hinchcliffe, the Conservative candidate, polled within 190 of the 4,067 votes secured by Mr. J. C. Bailey in 1900, while the Liberal vote was considerably increased.

The vacancy was caused by the resignation of Mr. J. W. Mellor.

CHINESE FRIENDLY WITH KAFFIRS.

JOHANNESBURG, Saturday.

All the Chinese are now working underground, and are giving great satisfaction. They are working amicably with the Kaffirs.

There have been forty-two cases of beri-beri up to date.—Reuter.

LANCASHIRE LOURDES.

Hundreds of Cripples Besiege the Scotch Bonesetter.

* Undaunted by the frequent downpours of rain, hundreds of cripples waited on Saturday outside the hotel at Bolton at which William Rae, the Blantyre bonesetter, is staying.

In the afternoon there were extraordinary scenes, thousands of mill hands, off for the day, assembling in the vicinity of the hotel in the hope of getting a sight of some of the miraculous cures.

The keenest disappointment was felt by the large number of people who failed to draw successful tickets, and especially by those who came from a distance.

There were a number of interesting cases during the day. Very enthusiastic was a Blackburn man named Charles Richardson, who brought his little daughter Annie, long a sufferer from a spinal complaint. Mr. Rae, he said, made her arm and leg free, and put her elbow in. A Miss Bentley, of Dewsbury, who had had a dislocated hip, said she felt a distinct improvement, being able to put her foot to the ground.

Margaret Ferguson, of Clough Fold, paid her third visit to Mr. Rae on crutches. She was troubled with ailments to her spine and feet, and Mr. Rae had on each occasion moved bones, and on Saturday, although she was not able to discard her crutches, she declared herself improved wonderfully.

Rae treated twenty-five patients during the day, his consultation varying from ten minutes to about half an hour.

THE "BLATANT" ARMY.

Salvationists Pleased with a Slashing Press Onslaught.

The "Saturday Review," in its last issue, makes a vigorous and characteristic attack upon the Salvation Army.

It is an attack in adjectives. The Congress is "blatant," the building in which it is held "detestably ugly," the members of the Army "ignorant and hysterical," and their success is "illusory."

"It was not to be expected," said a representative official in reference to the article, "that the Congress would be allowed to pass by without some attacks being made."

"This is the sort of attack we gladly welcome, for two reasons.

"In the first place it exposes its own object by the very vehemence of its criticism, especially in small and non-essential details. Who would seriously regard an attack upon a religious and social organisation which is directed at such particulars as the want of beauty of a temporary building."

"But it does us a real service, while defeating its own end. It calls attention to our readiness for the fullest inquiry into Salvation Army methods and results."

"We have submitted gladly to such inquiries before, and are always ready to do so. They can result in nothing but the exposure of misstatements and the better knowledge of the real value of the work done by the Army."

TWICE BAULKED OF DEATH.

Self-Accused Murderer Vainly Tries To Destruct Himself.

Frederick Oliver startled the police at Risca (Mon.) on Saturday by walking into the police-station with his clothes dripping with water and his throat cut, to accuse himself of having murdered his wife.

The police, on entering the man's house, found his wife lying dead in a pool of blood by the bedside, and it appeared that Oliver, after cutting her throat, had attempted to commit suicide by cutting his own. Failing to kill himself thus, he went to the Newport and Crumlin Canal and threw himself in; but this second attempt was no more successful than the first, and then he went to the police and gave himself up.

ALAKE DISLIKES STRAWBERRIES.

The Alake of Abeokuta does not like strawberries and cream. This fact was discovered at the garden-party at Lambeth Palace on Saturday.

Lemonade he looked on with a suspicious eye, but he at last consented to take a glass. But even the fact that an enterprising firm of nurserymen have named a new strawberry after him would not induce him to try that excellent fruit.

The Alake was delighted with his conversation with his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he described as "a most kindly man."

KING RECEIVES SOUVENIR FROM PARIS.

The King on Saturday received at Buckingham Palace, M. Detelle, President of the Municipal Council of Paris, and M. Dallon, Prefect of the Department of the Seine.

His Majesty accepted at their hands a magnificent album as a souvenir of his recent visit to Paris.

OLD-WORLD SCENE.

Lord Curzon Installed as Warden of the Cinque Ports.

PICTURESQUE INCIDENTS.

With all the quaint and picturesque ceremony which attaches to the office, Lord Curzon was on Saturday installed as successor to the late Lord Salisbury in the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports and the Governorship of Dover Castle.

Dover was in gala array. An army of work-people had been decamping the town, and the line of route from the Castle to the College Close—a distance of nearly two miles—was bright with many-coloured flags, streamers, and flowers.

The first part of the ceremony took place in the ancient banquetting hall of Dover Castle, whose walls, hung with ancient armour, afforded a fittingly appropriate setting for the picturesque company of mayors, in their crimson gowns, councillors, town clerks, barons of the ancient Court, and county lieutenants in uniform, who had foregathered.

Strictly adhering to precedents, the assembled Court proceeded to elect Sir William Crundall—as Speaker of the Ports—Chief Baron, to whose lot it should fall to call upon the Lord Warden to take upon himself the duties of the office to which he had been appointed by the King.

Then, a heavy downpour of rain giving place to bright sunshine almost at the moment, the procession set out for St. Mary's Church, in the Castle, where a service was held.

Gorgeous Cavalcade.

It was a most striking cavalcade that left the church after the service was over and the procession set out for the college in the town below, where the installation ceremony took place. After the band and troopers of the 13th Hussars came members of the Court of Shepway, the mayors of the Cinque Ports, accompanied by their recorders, town clerks, chaplains, barons, mace bearers, and officers, and after them the barons who attended the coronation, wearing very magnificent robes.

There was a succession of Admiralty and military high officials, and then last of all, with the exception of a troop of Hussars, the Lord Warden and his escort. Lord Curzon's uniform, as Lord Warden, was composed of a dark blue frock coat with red collar and cuffs, trousers of blue with vermilion stripe, while the ribbon of the Indian Empire adorned his chest.

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes," delivered by the senechal, beside whom stood the bearer of the silver orb—the emblem of the Cinque Ports—announced the opening of the court.

Then followed a number of quaint, but dignified, observances, including the proclamation, the answering to their names of the mayors and barons, and the reading of the Lord Warden's precept in obedience to his order.

Afterwards the Mayor of Dover (Speaker) asked the Lord Warden to take upon himself the duties of the office, and to maintain the liberties of the port.

The Court Does Reverence.

Lord Curzon having acceded to the request, an impressive part of the ceremony followed, the whole of the members of the Court doing reverence by bowing once to the newly-installed Warden, whilst at the same time there rang out a salute from the Dover batteries. Mr. A. Cohen, K.C., Judge Official and Commissary of the Court of Admiralty of the Cinque Ports, next offered an address of congratulation to the Lord Warden.

The ceremony terminated with a speech by Lord Curzon, in which he referred to his illustrious predecessor and his sincere intention to maintain the dignity of the office. Subsequently he was entertained at a banquet in the town hall.

WANDERING BANK.

Lunatic Found with £900 in His Pockets.

Seldom has a more remarkable prisoner been brought into a police-station than a man who faced the inspector at Richmond on Saturday.

To the policeman who took him in charge he babbled childishly of the vast sums of money he possessed. The police, however, hear many strange stories, and cultivate an official scepticism which is not readily abandoned.

But this strange prisoner proved a veritable gold mine. From a belt he brought out two hundred sovereigns. Then, laughing while he, he opened a secret pocket and produced two Bank of England notes of the value of £100.

With the time-honoured action of a professional conjuror he rolled up his sleeves and showed a leather wristlet from which he drew one hundred pounds in gold under the eyes of the astonished policemen.

Even this feat did not exhaust the resources of this wonderful wizard. With a wave of the hand he produced from his person bonds worth at least £500, still keeping up his sunny smile and childish prattle.

VANISHED HUSBAND.

Unhappy End of a Six Months' Honeymoon.

DISAPPEARED WITH £3,750.

If some evil genius had thrown a magic cloak over the person of Mr. Charles Arthur White, when he parted with his young wife on the step of an omnibus outside Charing Cross Station, last Monday morning, his disappearance could not have been more complete.

But Mr. Charles Arthur White has vanished, and his girl-wife, to whom he was greatly attached, is now prostrate with grief at his disappearance. Her purse contains a very few shillings. Soon she expects to become a mother, and the position she is placed in to-day excites the keenest sympathy. Mrs. White speaks of it as a "nightmare" when she recalls the six happy months of honeymoon life, which preceded her return to London a week ago.

With the missing husband, under ordinary circumstances, there could be no fear of pecuniary want, for he had in his possession, when his wife kissed him good-bye, the sum of £3,750, or its equivalent in banker's vouchers.

Theories for the Disappearance.

Among the many hypotheses which the story told to a *Mirror* representative by the young wife suggests, it may be asked, "Is the absence due to mishap or accident? In such a case he will be discovered through the instrumentality of the hospitals. Is it due to loss of memory? Then the workhouses will reveal his identity. Has he fallen a victim of thieves, or swell mobsmen, in the West End?"

The suggestion that desertion may supply the explanation of Mr. White's absence is not entertained for a moment by those who have heard the wife's story, for her husband was kindness itself.

Between her sobs Mrs. Margaret White related everything she knew of her husband.

"What is he like in appearance?" "I will tell you exactly, but it is so hard to believe he will not return. I am sure he will come back and my mother thinks so too."

Then, brushing away the tears, she added, "I have no photograph, I wish I had. I asked him to have it taken, many, many times, and he always said 'So I will when we get back to London.'"

Missing Man's Description.

Mrs. White then gave the following description of her husband:

"He is 5ft. 6in.; looks very sunburnt; has a small, black moustache, through which a scar is perceptible on the right side of the lip. His eyes are odd, one grey, and the other green-grey. He has a white mole near the left eyebrow, between the eyes. He is thirty-three, but looks older. Hair thin, going grey at the sides."

"He wore white shirt, light woollen pants and vest, double collar, check grey tie, lace boots, socks grey with white toe and heel. Blue morning coat, waistcoat blue cloth, trousers dark woollen, with a white thread breaking in and out, and made by a tailor at Brighton. He always wears a bowler hat, and on Monday, because he could not pack it, put on a long overcoat."

Disappeared Once Before.

"We were married at Christ Church, Marylebone, on July 13, 1903. Shortly after our marriage he went away for a few weeks, but left me well provided for. I met him at his bank. He came to draw some money, and when I turned to him he replied, 'You hear. You could have knocked me down with a feather!' The same afternoon, December 23 last, we went off to Weston-super-Mare, and have been travelling from place to place on the south coast till last Monday, when we came up together from Dover, and he left me in the omnibus."

The grief-stricken girl then recalled two incidents of the last few days of his life in Dover.

"Last Thursday week," said she, "my husband went to London to see his bankers, and withdrew £3,750 from one and another. He came back in the evening in time for tea, and said he had opened a current account with a Lombard-street bank, keeping the £50 in his pockets."

Washing off Labels.

"On the eve of our departure for town I was surprised to see my husband—it was Sunday night—washing all the labels off my trunk and his two portmanteaux."

"When I arrived at mother's place the next day I waited and waited for him to come, and, watching at the window I saw the carman bring my box."

"Where are the two portmanteaux?" I asked. The carman replied he had only got a trunk to deliver."

All night long I waited and waited till the morning broke, and when he did not come the next day I decided to go to the police-court and ask the magistrate to report him missing."

Mrs. White, with the never-failing confidence of a wife who trusts her husband, concluded by saying: "He is a most steady, sober man, and I ought to know how good he is, if anybody does."

There is no foundation for the report that Mr. Justice Wills intends to resign his seat on the Bench. He is only slightly indisposed.

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT SEA.

Emigrant Steamer Wrecked with over Seven Hundred Passengers on Board.

ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN SURVIVORS.

A terrible tale of the sea was unfolded at Grimsby last night on the arrival of the Grimsby steam trawler *Salvia*.

This vessel returned after a fortnight's fishing, and had on board twenty-seven foreigners, all that remained of eight hundred passengers and crew of the Danish steamer *Norga*, belonging to D.L.D.S., which was wrecked off Rockall last Wednesday.

Only one of the twenty-seven was able to speak English, and that not very fluently, so that the details of the catastrophe were only obtained with difficulty.

As far as could be ascertained at ten o'clock last night the *Norga* was on a voyage from Copenhagen to New York with emigrants only.

There were over seven hundred of these on board, made up of Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, and Finns, whilst the crew consisted of about eighty, with Captain Gundell, of Copenhagen, in command.

They left on Monday last, and all went well until arriving off Rockall on Tuesday last. Rockall is a very dangerous rock about 75ft. high, and has a reef projecting into the sea.

The vessel struck upon the reef on Tuesday morning.

Engines were reversed, and the vessel came back into deep water.

So large was the rent in the bow of the vessel that she began to list rapidly. She carried boats, and these were got out at once, but were smashed in the launching.

There were only eight boats on board.

It is significant to know that some of the seamen sacrificed their lives in order that women and children might have priority.

Five boats were filled with the passengers, but only two succeeded in getting away.

A heavy sea was running at the time.

The last the survivors saw was a large number of emigrants on the doomed vessel, and Captain Gundell, a Copenhagen man, on the bridge.

In an interview with the only one who could speak English he said:—

"I was lying in my bunk waiting for breakfast. I had got up previously and washed."

"We heard a slight bump followed directly after by another bump. I rushed on deck at once, and saw that something serious had happened. I made a dash to return to collect my few belongings."

"Scores were rushing on deck, and the hatch-way was crowded with emigrants. They were launching the boats, and I rushed to get into one. There was no panic at all."

"Four or five were in the boat when I got in. We got clear of the ship. Fortunately for us our party included the only seaman of the *Norga* saved, and he was able to navigate our little boat."

"We saw two of the other boats capsizing owing to the heavy weather and because nobody could navigate them."

"We made straight away, and after twenty-four hours the *Salvia* bore down and picked us up."

"Dozens of the people who had jumped into the sea with lifebelts were drowned before our eyes, and about 700 must have been drowned."

Rockall is a reef rising sheer out of the Atlantic, 150 miles due west of the Hebrides.

The *Norga* was a steel screw-steamer of over 3,000 tons. She was built by Messrs. A. Stephen and Sons at Glasgow in 1881, and was owned by the D.L.D.S.

FATE OF LOST NELSON RELICS.

Sailor's Remarkable Story Provides the Police with a Possible Clue to Their Recovery.

Three and a half years ago, on the night of December 8, 1900, to the astonishment and sorrow of all patriotic Englishmen, a large number of the Nelson relics were stolen from the Painted Hall, Greenwich Hospital.

On Friday last, Chief-Inspector Arrow, of Scotland Yard, arrested William Alfred Carter, a seaman, of 293, Victoria Dock-road, who was brought up at Greenwich on Saturday and charged with being concerned in stealing and receiving a portion of the lost national treasures.

The relics stolen comprised the gold watch which was presented to Nelson by the Marchioness of Westminster; the oval gold box which contained the Freedom of the City of London, presented in 1797, and one of the gold medals commemorating the Battle of St. Vincent, and another on which was inscribed "Victory at Trafalgar, 1805, Victory, Nelson Vice-Admiral, Commodore-in-Chief, 21st October, 1805. The combined fleets of France and Spain defeated." There were other gold medals commemorating the victory of the Nile. One sword-hilt was presented to Nelson by the Captains of the Fleet engaged in the Battle of the Nile.

Inspector Arrow produced an anonymous letter, dated "Melbourne, February 3, 1904," the writer of which claimed to have taken from a drunken sailor a seal and a watch, the former being one of the Greenwich relics.

The writer of the letter addressed it to the Curator of the British Museum, who was told that if he communicated with the police the relics would be destroyed.

This letter of February was shown to Carter at Scotland Yard, where, after being cautioned, he

said he wrote it, and was arrested in consequence by Inspector Arrow.

In his statement Carter gave an explicit and circumstantial account of his actions.

"I have come to Scotland Yard of my own free will to give information for the recovery of the Lord Nelson relics stolen from the British Museum. I have been shown a letter, dated 3/2/04, from the Sailors' Home, Melbourne, containing sketches of a watch and seal, and I say that the letter was written by me, and I made the sketches. I have possession of the watch and seal referred to in the letter."

"Besides that, I have got the watch and seal. I have seen a medal. It was in possession of a man from whom I took the watch and seal, and he said it would prove the Nelson relics stolen from the British Museum. I have also seen a snuff-box, a gold one. It is in possession of a man at Melbourne who has befriended me, and I won't give him away. He is a receiver out there, but keeps a tobaccocon shop as a blind."

"I did not know the Nelson relics were stolen from the Greenwich Hospital. I thought they were stolen from the British Museum. That is why I wrote to the British Museum."

Inspector Arrow searched Carter's room and luggage at the Victoria Dock-road. He found nothing connected with the relics.

At the Cannon Town Police Station Carter said he could prove an alibi. He had left England in 1899. He denied that only if he were let go free would the relics be recovered.

But the Inspector, who had traced Carter by means of his finger-marks and knew his antecedents, replied that he could prove the contrary, and had reason to believe the prisoner was in London at the time of the robbery and soon after."

Mr. Kettle, the magistrate, examined Carter's finger-print record, and remanded him for a week.

SUNDAY WITH PIGOTT.

Voluptuous Services at the "Abode of Love."

WHAT THE VICAR SAYS.

"He Would be all the Better for a Cold Douche."

Yesterday was a time of pure delight to the inmates of the "Abode of Love" at Spaxton, for special services presided over by the Clapton "Messiah" were held in the gorgeous chapel inside the great walls.

From all the surrounding countryside people drove and cycled out to the Agapemone stronghold only to be pulled up by strongly barricaded doors.

The guards and secret service disciples of Pigott were on the alert, and none passed through who did not belong to their silent and mysterious community.

Early in the day, in twos and threes, the inmates entered the marvellous chapel, the wonders of which form fit subject for the speculation and amazement of all for miles round. The sunlight streaming in through the magnificent stained glass windows draped with red curtains cast a rapturous glow over the congregation of fair women and men who sat round on lounge seats.

Rapturous Music.

The interior is richly embellished, and at the end is a platform reached by four or five plush-carpeted stairs. The organ, a magnificent instrument, was giving forth languorous music under the clever fingers of a young lady organist, and on the faces of the worshippers were looks of ecstasy. Suddenly a pean of joy filled the air, the congregation exultantly singing the verse:

Shout, shout, brothers, shout, let the echoes fly;
Behold he cometh; the Lord is nigh!

Then Pigott, in his black clerical coat, entered, and with a rapid look gazed tenderly around. "Then the congregation altogether sang:

Majestic now in love's bright reign,
We hail love's sweetest chords,
While listening seraphs catch the strains,
And own thee Lord of Lords.

At the conclusion of this hymn the assembled ladies and gentlemen knelt in prayer.

Pigott, standing by the side of a beautifully-carved oak reading desk, then preached, setting forth the strange Agapemone doctrines of love and enjoyment, and the speedy termination of all earthly troubles.

Sister Eva, who is a talented musician, and had accompanied the singing on her harp, now gave a solo with fine effect. Then the organ pealed out the opening bars of the melody, "Gladsome of Evening," to which the following hymn-words have been supplied:—

Oh, my love, all love exelling,
Sweetly whispers thou art mine
In thy bosom brightly dwelling,
I will answer, thou art mine.

This hymn was apparently sung as having individual meaning for each member of the "Abode of Love," the ladies in particular.

"I am Love."

Appropriately the "lamb" replied, also in verse and to music, explaining that love in all its purity is the sole factor. He ended with, "Oh, my sisters, I am Love." The singing was heartily enjoyed by all the congregation, the young lady inmates gazing devoutly at Pigott during the performance of this anthem of bliss.

In the neighbourhood it is rumoured that the "Messiah" meditates flight shortly; but such are the raptures he is enjoying at the "Abode" that this is unlikely.

The vicar of Spaxton interviewed yesterday afternoon by a representative said he was undoubtedly of the opinion that Pigott was suffering from mental infirmity, and, in this clergyman's own words, "he would be all the better for a cold douche."

In the old days, he said, the so-called "Abode of Love" was the scene of much immorality and cruelty. It seems, he concluded, the inmates of the retreat are leading a very selfish and self-indulgent life.

ZIONIST LEADER DEAD.

VIENNA, Sunday.

Dr. Theodore Herzl, the Zionist leader, died today at Edlach, near Reichenau, from inflammation of the lungs.—Reuter.

Dr. Herzl was born in Budapest in 1860. Until 1895, known only to a few as a clever journalist and author of several comedies, he suddenly became famous all the world over as the author of "Der Judenstaat," a scheme for the reacquaintance of Palestine for the Jews by the flotation of a limited liability company.

The book caused a sensation. The Zionist movement spread, and Herzl became known as "the new Moses."

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

THE CITY.

Lily Crow, the child of labouring parents, fell over the edge of a chalk pit at Ramsgate, a distance of 80 feet, and received injuries from which she died.

Married and a mother before she was sixteen, Alice White applied to the Derby magistrates for a separation on account of her husband's cruelty and neglect, and the boy husband was ordered to allow her 5s. a week.

To hide them from a policeman's eyes Charles Barnett, of Croydon, put some eggs in his hat, but unfortunately they smashed, and the contents trickled down and betrayed him. He was sentenced to ten days' hard labour.

CONCERT IN MID-AIR.

A dozen members of Cooper's Brass Band, Barnsley, gave a singular performance.

A chimney connected with the local Co-operative Society's electricity plant has just been completed, and the band were assembled on the parapet at the top of the chimney, about 140 feet high, and from their lofty stand gave a short performance.

PAUPER'S NEW NOSE.

Some time ago the Walsall Guardians decided that 45 should be spent on providing one of the paupers with an artificial nose, as the man was unable to get work in his disfigured state. At their last meeting the new nose was exhibited by its proud possessor.

"Quite handsome" was the comment of the chairman, and then the pauper declared that he would now leave the workhouse and search for work.

GIRLS RESCUED IN NIGHT CLOTHES.

An alarming fire occurred on Saturday morning on the drapery and furnishing premises of Messrs. Rodgers and Denyer, at Windsor, the damage being estimated at £10,000.

Many of the girl employees slept above the shops and there were narrow escapes, some of them having to be rescued in their night attire by the firemen.

£1,000 BAIL ESTREATED.

Jacob Singer, a Colonial merchant, of Mile End, failed to appear at the West London Police Court on Saturday to answer a charge of fraudulently concealing a quantity of furs within four months before the presentation of his petition in bankruptcy. The surety was Mr. Glezman, furrier, of Houndsditch, who had stood bail for £1,000, and Mr. Sefton Cohen, on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions, now applied that the bail should be estreated.

The magistrate ordered that £500 should be paid by next Saturday, and the other £500 by July 31.

SOAPMAKERS' BUSY DAY.

Two hundred members of the choir at Port Sunlight, the garden city founded by the proprietors of "Sunlight Soap," journeyed to London by special train on Saturday to take part in a concert at the Queen's Hall.

A start was made from Beddington at 4.30 a.m., and breakfast was provided on the train. The party arrived in London soon after nine, when, in brakes and omnibuses, a drive was taken round the City.

An elaborate lunch was afterwards held at the Queen's Hall, and later the choir gave an excellent account of themselves in the concert.

BALLOON'S RAPID VOYAGE.

An exciting balloon ascent was made from the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon by Mr. Pollock, Mr. J. Brabazon, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls, of the Aero Club. Owing to the strength of the wind the ascent was postponed for two hours, but as the wind showed no signs of abating the balloon left the ground at 4.40.

It travelled eastwards at a tremendous pace towards the mouth of the Thames. Great care had to be exercised in making the descent, owing to the house tops, factory chimneys, and the river, but a suitable fall was found about three miles beyond Grays, and a safe descent was made, the journey of twenty-seven miles having occupied under thirty-five minutes.

L.C.C. TRAMWAYS—£8,283 DEFICIENCY.

At to-morrow's meeting of the L.C.C. the Highway Committee will present a report on the financial position of the tramways undertaking.

During the year the receipts from electric traction were £220,535 15s. 7d., and from horse traction £309,703, while the working expenses were £147,058 4s. 10d. and £294,128 2s. 1d. Thus the gross revenue was £294,453 0s. 7d.

Debt charges amounting to £100,536 14s. 9d. for interest and sinking fund, and a charge of £2,200 income tax had to be set against this, leaving a deficiency of £8,283 14s. 2d. This deficiency is attributable to the loss of receipts consequent on the dislocation of traffic, while the lines were being electrified.

Charles Jackson, a coastguardsman, fell 200ft. from the Hastings cliffs on Saturday night. His body was terribly mangled, and had to be hauled to the top of the cliffs by ropes.

At Bramley, near Leeds, the Rev. E. John, curate of the parish church, fell unconscious from his cycle and died shortly afterwards. On Saturday the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

When asked by the police inspector to send something which could be sold to realise the amount he was being summoned for, a Yorkshire passive resistor sent up the summons, which he had had neatly framed.

Suffering from appendicitis Andrew Brown, an East Ham schoolboy, was given some simple medicine by his mother. He died, and at the inquest on Saturday the doctor said an operation would probably have saved his life.

NEST ON A BREAK-HANDLE.

On the break-handle of a North British Railway wagon a blackbird's nest, containing four eggs, has been found. The wagon had been standing in the goods depot at Heriot Hill for three weeks.

GREAT ARTIST'S FUNERAL.

At his own request the remains of the late Mr. J. F. Watts will be cremated at Brookwood, and the funeral will take place next Wednesday afternoon at his seat at Crompton, in the chapel which Mrs. Watts has erected there.

Simultaneously a memorial service will be held at St. Paul's Cathedral, which will be attended by the president and members of the Royal Academy at present in or within reach of London.

PLAYED WHILE HER MOTHER WAS SHOT.

At Halifax Lewis Crowther, labourer, was brought up in custody on a charge of attempting to murder his wife.

He had been separated from his wife for some time, and called at her house, presumably with a view to reconciliation. His daughter alleged that he asked her to play the piano while he went upstairs to speak to her mother. Immediately after a loud report was heard, and her mother ran downstairs bleeding.

Prisoner had shot her with a revolver. He stands remanded pending the woman's recovery.

HANDSOME FORTUNES.

Mr. Charles Marshall, of Hambleton House, Putney, of the firm of Marshall Bros., of Huntingdon, brewers and wine merchants, who died on February 25 last, left estate valued at £94,578 3s. 1d. gross, and at £30,062 net. His father, Mr. James Marshall, of Marshall and Snelgrove, who died in 1892, left estate valued at £719,116.

Mr. Percy Tarbut, of Hauns House, Chelsea, civil engineer, of the firm of Messrs. Tarbut, Son, and Janson, of 23, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C., who died on May 30 last, left estate in the United Kingdom valued at £74,483 7s. 8d. gross, the net personality amounting to £41,289 19s. 10d. The deceased was a prominent figure in the company world, and director of many South African ventures.

DIED RESCUING HIS FRIENDS.

Three youths, named Oldridge, Robinson, and Joiner, were out in a punt on the River Ouse, at Goole, when the boat capsized, all being thrown into the water.

Oldridge succeeded in assisting Robinson into the boat, and then swam to rescue Joiner, who was eventually saved by means of a line.

On again attempting the rescue of Robinson, who was being carried out by the tide, Oldridge was seized with cramp and drowned. Robinson was saved.

The hero, who thus lost his life while helping his friends, last year saved the life of a child in Goole Docks.

For the past fortnight the birth-rate in St. George's, E.—London's "alien headquarters"—has been 52.7 per thousand, or nearly twenty higher than the average London rate.

Princess Henry of Battenberg on Saturday laid the foundation stone of the church of St. Anne, Kilburn, which is to cost £5,100. Her Royal Highness afterwards received purses from children and ladies.

Through working for some hours in the sun on Thursday, William Black, a painter, of Homerton, died from heart failure. At the inquest on Saturday his wife said he was a healthy and temperate man.

CHEESES A PENNY EACH.

Dr. D. L. Thomas, medical officer of health for Stepney, applied at the Thames Court for an order to condemn 200 cheeses which were bad and had been seized in Annibal-road.

The cheeses were sold in cases, each containing a dozen, at the rate of 1s. a case. The order applied for was made.

SEVEN YEARS FOR SMALL THEFT.

At the Middlesex Sessions, on Saturday, Joseph Dickinson and his wife Hannah, of Bermondsey, were indicted for stealing a dog's collar.

The dog was stolen at Finchley, but Mr. Purcell, who prosecuted, said the prisoners could not be charged with stealing a dog, and, therefore, they were indicted for stealing the collar.

The prisoners had a bad record, and were sentenced to penal servitude for seven years.

THE ERRAND BOY'S WISDOM.

John Fawbert, a Bradford shoemaker, proposed to his errand boy that they should go and drown themselves together, but the boy declined.

The shoemaker, who was a cripple, was in great distress because he feared a distraint upon his goods, which would have taken away his means of livelihood.

Failing to persuade the boy to commit suicide he went and hanged himself.

CHARGED WITH MURDERING HER CHILD.

When Rachel Jones, a domestic servant, was charged at Pontypool with murdering her illegitimate child her mother had to give evidence, and there was a painful scene in court.

Mrs. Jones was telling how she found the child's body in an out-house when the girl in the dock faint.

Medical witnesses were giving evidence which showed that violence had been used to cause the death of the child, when the mother fainted in the body of the court.

The accused was eventually committed for trial.

PLAYING WITH DEATH.

More than one death has been caused by the "live rail" on electric lines lately, but boys, either ignorant or careless of the risks, have been literally playing with death at Newcastle.

They amused themselves by throwing their caps on to the live rail on the electrified portion of the North-Eastern Railway, and then climbed over an eight-foot wall to recover them, after which they played about on the line.

Fortunately the current happened to be off at the time, or they would all have been killed. They were brought up at the police court and fined 2s. 6d. each.

WOULD NOT PROSECUTE AN INVALID.

When arrested upon a charge of embezzling some £27 received by him on behalf of his employers, Messrs. Mitchell and Company, stock-brokers, Frank Seymour Pope, clerk, of The Nook, Addlestone, was found to be so seriously ill that the police doctor had to be called in.

In view of his report the prosecutors asked the magistrate at the Guildhall for leave to withdraw the charge, which was granted.

Cheerless Feelings on the Stock Exchange—Markets Idle.

It wanted a certain amount of imagination to detect business on the Stock Exchange on Saturday, and a Mark Tapley to feel cheerful in view of the surroundings. The attendance was scanty, faces were long, and prices shrinking. It was therefore a gloomy Saturday, taken all round. The Lombard-street bankers seemed hopeful enough, except in the matter of their own half-yearly reports, for these are not thought to be likely to show quite so much in the way of gross earnings. Still, investments stand a little better in the balance-sheets, and nobody doubts the necessity for the banks to write down their Consols. Consols themselves were not quite so good, and this affected the gilt-edged market as a whole. People were still talking about the position of the Government, and the gloom spread to Home Ralls, where the only security to look really confident was South-Eastern Preferred. A wonderful lot is being made of Continental buying. We wonder whether the volume of it is proportionate to the amount of talk about it.

American Ralls.

Nobody is taking liberties with American Ralls, for there is a shortage of stock, and that is about one of the few good points in favour of Americans. On Saturday and to-day New York will have done little, for the good reason that the Wall-street exchange has been closed, and will not reopen until to-morrow. Colonial and Foreign Ralls also dropped, but we must except Mexican Ralls, which were helped by silver.

Foreigners were confident enough, for Paris read the war news rather more favourably. Japanese were doing little talk again about repudiation of a new loan, which is scolded at in some quarters ill-informed as to what is going on in Japan. On Copper we were, as usual, Friday's remarkable statistics. South Americans were very good.

In the Miscellaneous section the market was very idle and featureless. The most notable rise was in Hudson's Bays, which went to 41 on the prospects of the meeting today.

Two disastrous reports in the Willoughby's Consolidated and Rhodesia Goldfields Companies did not help Rhodesians. The Chartered report did not make its appearance as expected. But there was a little "bear" closing to keep Kaffirs up, and something was made of the talk of yet another strike in the Chamber of Mines. Other mining sections scarcely moved, with the exception of Westralias, where Oroyas and Associated showed weakness.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* "The Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations in the Street markets after the official closing of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for Saturday:

Consols 2½ p.c. 90½	"Pacific"	111½	112½
Do Account "..... 90½	Western	124	125
India 3 p.c. 103	Mexican First	55½	56½
Do London C.C. 3 p.c. 103	Canadian Pacific	107	108
Nat. War Loan	Rosario Consol'd.	91½	92½
Transvaal Loan	Do Def.	82	84
"Argentine 1886	Canadian Pacific	107	108
"Do Fund'g	Gt. Ind. Ord.	141	142
Brazilian 3 p.c. 102½	Do Ist Pref.	102½	103½
Do W. of Minas	Do 2nd Pref.	97½	98½
"Chili 1888	Do 3rd ".....	89½	90½
Chinese 4 p.c. 1896	Nitrato Ord.	71	72
Egyptian Unified 104½	Aerated Bread	82	83
Italian	Do 2nd ".....	80	81
Japanese 1896	Do 3rd ".....	79½	80½
"Do 4 p.c.	Gas Light Ord.	93	94
Per. Debit	City of London	107	108
Do Pref.	Gen. Inv.	117	118
"Portuguese	Lipton	180	180
Russian 4 p.c. 1889	E. of D. L. Div. Ord.	74½	75½
"Spanish 4 p.c. (Sd)	Nelson's	23½	24½
Turkish 3 p.c. Un'd.	Sweetwater Auto.	150	150
Uruguay 3 p.c. 87	Vickers, Maxim	145	146
Brighton Def.	Woolworth	115	116
Calcutta Def.	Anglo-French	9½	9½
Central London	Asiatic G. F.	2½	2½
Chatham Ord.	Assoc. G. M.	2½	2½
Do Pref.	Bank of India	107	108
Do 2nd Pref.	Cham. Ref.	110	111
Great Eastern	Chartered	110	111
Gt. Northern Def.	City of London	107	108
Great Western	Cons. Gold S.A.	61	62
Metropolitan	Cornwall	101	102
District	Do Beers Def.	101	102
Edinburgh Def.	East Rand	71½	72½
Do Def.	E. of D. L. Div. Ord.	74½	75½
North British Def.	Gedfield	65½	66½
North Eastern	Gld'n Indus. E.	55	56
North Western	Gld'n Indus. W.	55	56
South East'n Def.	Gld'n Horsehoe	75	76
South West. Def.	Gt. Eld. Per. New	106	107
Do Ord.	"Do Prep.	55½	56½
Atchison	Gt. Fingall Id.	8	8½
Baltimore	Ivanhoe	71½	72½
Chesapeake	Job. Con. Id.	2½	2½
Chi. Mil. & St. P.	Knight's	51½	52½
Denver	Lake View Cons.	34	35
Eric. Shores	May Consolidated	47½	48½
Do Pref.	Meyer & Charl.	61	62
Illinois Cent.	Moldentstein	65	66
Le. & N. W.	Mysore Gold	65½	66½
Missouri	Nile Valley	1	1½
Ontario	N. Y. & N. W.	118	119
Pennsylvania	Norfolk Com.	118	119
Reading	Oregon	178	179
Southern Ord.	Oroya Per. Mite	38	39
Southern Pacific	Primrose (New)	38	39
Union Pacific	Randfontein	67½	68½
U.S. Steel Ord.	Rio Tinto	109	110
Do Pref.	Sons Gwalia	144	145
Wabash Pref.	Trans. Devel.	136	137
B.A. Gt. South'182	Waikiki	67½	68½
	Wassau	150	151
	Welded	150	151
	Zambesi Explor.	11	12

* Ex div.

FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVERS DRENCHED.

The second meet of the season of the Four-in-Hand Club took place in Hyde Park on Saturday, and, despite the showery weather, there was a good muster, as many as sixteen coaches lining up for the Magazine.

Teams were driven by the Earl of Ancaster, president of the club, Lord Chesham, Lord Newlands, and Mr. G. H. Grenfell, M.P., many well-known ladies being present.

At one o'clock Lord Ancaster's coach led the procession through the Park, but almost immediately afterwards rain fell in torrents, and spoilt the rest of the proceedings.

A Fountain Pen is as sensible a present as you can make to anyone. With the page 2 Coupon the price is only 2/6; that does not speak of the value, though—the worth being an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror."

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JULY 4, 1904.

THE TROUBLED SKY.

We hope very much that Mr. Brodrick, when he is questioned about Tibet-to-day, will be able to say that our quarrel with the Lamas is in a fair way to be settled. We only wish that those in charge of the negotiations on the spot were men of a less warlike turn. It ought to be a rule of State that any man who leads his country into a war, whether just or unjust, shall never be employed as a servant of the nation again.

For every reason we ought to try not to be entangled in a difficult and very costly struggle with a country which would be of no earthly use to us even if we did conquer it. The news from Somaliland suggests that we may not yet have done with the Mullah. South Africa, too, evidently demands urgent and sympathetic attention. Also, we want all the money we can spare for the Navy. Our hands are quite full enough as it is.

There is a war party in this Tibet business, who say "Go on to Lhasa in any event." This may be Imperialism of a kind, but it is not "sane Imperialism." If we can make terms with the Tibetans, it will pay us well to do so, without further delay.

That would also be the best policy to pursue in Somaliland. Have we ever tried to turn the Mullah, who is certainly not "mad," as he used to be called, into a friend instead of an enemy? If not, why not? At all events, we trust there will be no further abortive attempts to capture him, making us ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

South Africa is a harder problem. Clearly the public at home is filled with a deep distrust of the Randlords. It will not put its money into their companies. It looks doubtfully upon their Chinese labour experiment. It is coming more and more to believe that if South Africa is to prosper it will not be on account of the gold mines, but in spite of them.

We do not believe in the wild talk of an approaching armed revolt, but there will certainly be trouble if the country is not soon allowed, at any rate to some extent, to govern itself.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

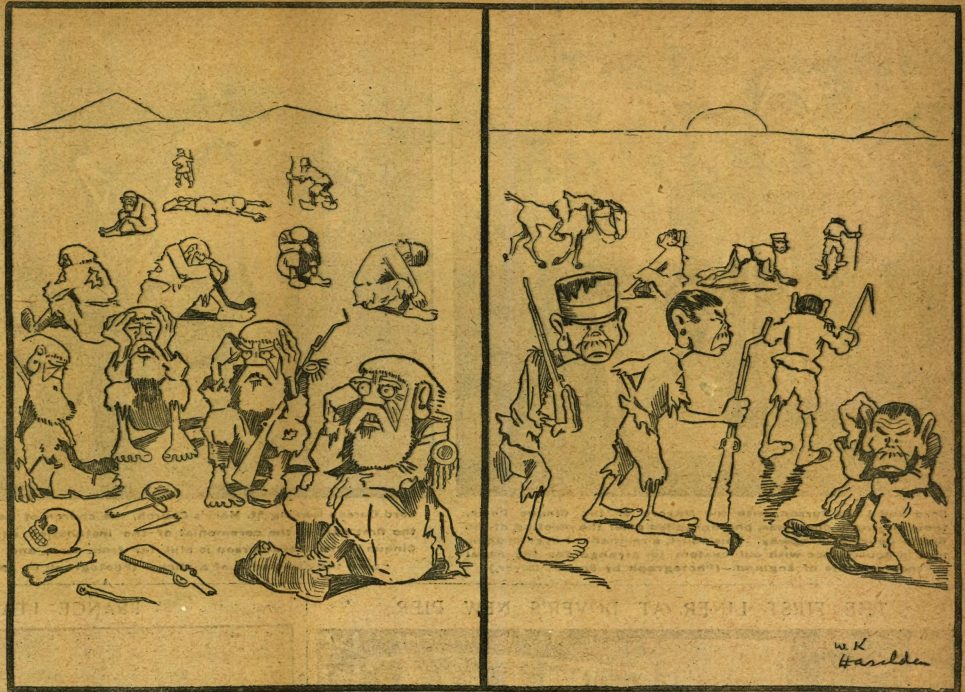
Roses, roses, sweetest of all the roses—the little wild rose of the hedge and the wayside. All bloom now, dainty and fragile; creamiest white, sometimes quite snowlike; sometimes just fringed with the blush of the morning, sometimes deep-dyed with the flush of the sunset. Always with heart of gold.

Would you know where? Just where green earth, blue sky, and glad sunshine are left alone in sweet friendship, and the householder and the city-maker come not between. But seek not to bring them back with you. They shrivel at the approach of the city. They wither in its atmosphere; they break their hearts at its unresponsiveness—they die in your very hands. There are a few things that will not live in cities—a wild rose happens to be one.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Take England as a whole, I believe more beauty is spoiled by over eating and drinking than the contrary. I must repeat again that the all-important thing is to avoid medicines of all kinds, especially the tooth-drooping tonics, and the money usually spent on medicines should be spent on good bread, fruit, and milk.—*Mrs. Earle*, in the July "National Review."

MUTUAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE RUSSIANS
as Japan sees them.THE JAPANESE
seen through Russian spectacles.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

The announcement in yesterday's papers that the King was spending the week-end with "Lord and Lady Gerard" was misleading. They are not husband and wife, but mother and son. Lord Gerard is not quite of age yet, and if you were to judge by his mother's looks you would say he must be much further off twenty-one than a few months. She is a very pretty woman and a great favourite of the King's, who has often visited her at Eastwell Park, near Ashford, before.

"I attribute my success," so Mr. Willie Clarkson once said, "to my habit of never going to bed before three and always being up by six." Not many men would be physically capable of this, but no one ever saw Clarkson tired. Sarah Bernhardt, who opened his new shop on Saturday, is one of his best customers, and openly admits that she owes much to his talent for making wigs.

One of the most difficult jobs he ever had was making up the Delhi Durbar camel by the Military Tournament last year. The camel, unlike the amateur actor, who would live on grease-paint if he could, is not at all fond of this cosmetic, and the task of covering the bald patches on his face so as to make him look respectable when he faces the music is both tedious and risky. Even royalties are child's play compared with camels, so far as the "make-up" is concerned.

A good many people wondered why Lady Beckett was present at the Clarkson ceremony. It was because she is connected with so many of the charity entertainments which the famous wig-maker helps to bring off successfully by the rein of his art, so indispensable in stage performances. She devotes her life chiefly to patronising such efforts, and with her patronage means real hard work.

The great wealth of the Duke of Sutherland, whose huge but very ugly house was the scene of last night's fête, is due to successive marriages with heiresses on the part of his ancestors. Only 150 years ago the Leveson-Gowers were simple Yorkshire squires. Now the head of the family possesses a dukedom, a marquessate, five earldoms, four viscounties, and five baronies. It has been a tradition that as many heiresses as possible should be taken into the family circle, and the result has certainly been monetary success.

What a strange, eventful life was that of George Sand, the great Frenchwoman, whose birth on July 1, 1804, has just been commemorated in Paris. She was one of the few women who give the rein to their fancy without hesitation. Before she was thirty she had had a number of lovers and a husband as well. With the famous poet Alfred de Musset, she went off to Venice, oddly enough with the consent of his mother, which George Sand called upon the old lady to obtain.

But they had not been long in Venice before she found a young doctor more attractive than the poet, who was often drunk and not a model of any of the virtues. So she left Alfred and went to live on a back canal with the little doctor. But alas! she soon began to long for Alfred again. The doctor never drank to excess, it is true; but then he had no conversation! He did not beat her, but, worse still, he bored her! So it was not long before she was back in Paris with De Musset at her feet once more.

The next time they parted it was he who caused her the pain which he had once felt himself, and this time they parted for ever. He drank more and more, and died miserably. She rose superior to her lower self and became a leader of the thought, a directress of the aspirations of her age. She bore up politics; she hung herself heart and soul into all kinds of philanthropic campaigns. She developed into "the kindest, wisest, most lovable old woman in France."

Is it merely a coincidence that the only Conservative paper in Blackburn, belonging to Mr. Verburgh, M.P., should cease publication just after the announcement of the birthday honours? Or does it mean that Mr. Verburgh is tired at last of helping a party which will do nothing for him? Mr. Tree, by the way, was at his club when the list appeared on the tape. He studied it thoughtfully. When a friend came up and said facetiously, "Looking for my name?" Mr. Tree replied rather mournfully, "No, I wasn't thinking about you just then."

Mr. Verburgh is a very busy person. He was distributing prizes at a training-ship on Saturday, and always has heaps of those dull kinds of duties to perform. He is also one of the "dressy" members of the House of Commons. He is even suspected of corsets, and an evening paper once accused him of owning thirty-six pairs of trousers. He married a very rich wife—a brewer's daughter—but somehow he makes very little headway towards Greatness. Possibly this is because he is so very thin. Or it may be due to the desperate efforts he makes to achieve greatness. The Government certainly show no disposition to thrust it upon him.

Hackenschmidt, Saturday night's winner of the world's wrestling championship, was once asked by a photographer what was his favourite position. "On the ground," he replied at once with his large, cheerful smile, "with the other man underneath." He is a very pleasant companion, this strong man whose strength is natural to him and not the result of daily dumbbell exercises. His accent and his laugh do you good to hear. One word of caution, though—don't tell him he is the only one man who wins victories for Russia.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. James Caldwell, M.P.

He is not likely to be at Queen's Hall to-night. If he were, he would get a warm reception. For the great meeting, which is to be addressed there by a number of our most famous composers and musicians, has for its sole object to protest against him.

He it is who prevents the passing of a Bill to secure musical copyrights against pirate publishers. Alone he does it. He will talk for hours to prevent such a measure getting through.

All the reason he gives is that "music is too dear. If it were sold at a reasonable price, it wouldn't be pirated." But, then, no one expects reasons from the worst bore in the House.

He is a Scotman of the serious, self-satisfied type. Tall, robust, white hair, long white whiskers, and a Scottish accent that must be heard to be believed in. Yet he never tires of the sound of it himself.

By trade he is a calico-printer, which is presumably easy as well as paying, for he never seems to have anything to do save obstruct business, ask foolish questions, and make himself a nuisance generally.

He was born in 1839, so if he is not old enough to know better now, he never will be.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

How Long Has a Dog Tax Been in Force?

It was first imposed in 1796, when no doubt there was as much opposition to it as there is now to the proposal to tax cats also.

The dog tax at first was 12s. In 1867 it was altered to a duty of 5s. In 1878 the duty was raised to 7s. 6d., at which it still stands.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer draws from this source between £500,000 and £600,000 every year, the number of dogs licensed being about a million and three-quarters.

TIPS FOR HENLEY.

A boathook is adapted for catching hold of things, but should not be used upon the persons or apparel of people in other boats in order to attract their attention—though, of course, it will do this.

In punting, endeavour to remain in the punt as much as possible. You will find there is very little room for you on the pole, and if there be but one pole the other people in the punt will miss you. Besides, it isn't punting.

When steering, keep the boat's head steadily directed towards some conspicuous mark in the distance, such as a large bare or steam-tup approaching from the opposite direction. When you have reached it another similar object may be selected, if it is found necessary to continue the voyage.—"London Opinion."

LORD CURZON INSTALLED AS WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS ON SATURDAY.



Lord and Lady Curzon, with the Mayors of the Cinque Ports, their old-world costumes, photographed after the meeting of the Grand Court at Shepway. This Court, a remnant of bygone ages, met in accordance with old custom to arrange for the naval requirements of England.—(Photograph by Spicer, Dover.)



Lord Curzon leaving St. Mary's Church, the church of Dover Castle, after the first part of the ceremonial of the installation as Warden of the Cinque Ports. Lord Curzon is still far from well, and obliged to walk with the assistance of a stick.—(Photograph by Spicer, Dover.)



The deep end of the swimming bath at the Bath Club. The person present at the Bath Club may also be present at the Bath Club.

THE FIRST LINER AT DOVER'S NEW PIER.



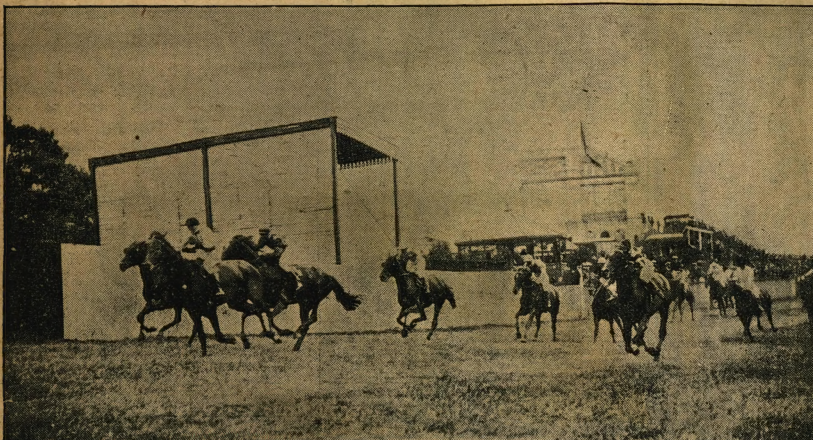
The first Atlantic liner, the Prinz Waldemar, of the Hamburg-American line, at the new Prince of Wales Pier at Dover. The pier, which has cost \$600,000, can berth the largest passenger steamers at any state of the tide.—(Photograph by Spicer, Dover.)

FRANCE LEARNS A LESSON FROM JAPAN.



The Russo-Japanese war is giving valuable lessons to all the Continental Powers. The Navy has been practising the rapid landing of marines on lines learned from Japan. A photograph shows these trials in progress.

SATURDAY'S RACING AT ALEXANDRA PARK.



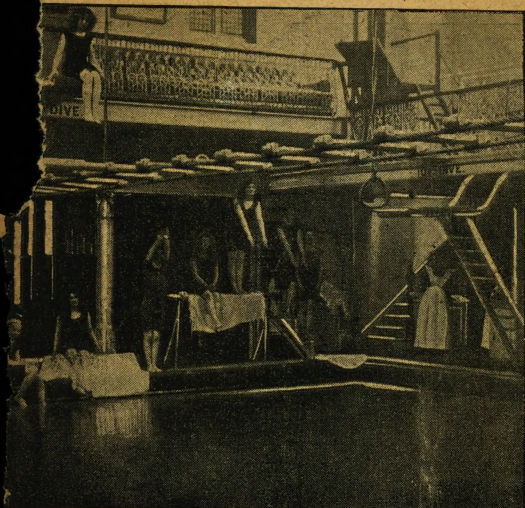
The finish for the London Cup at Alexandra Park. Mr. R. H. Henning's Foundling wins an exciting race by a neck. Hands Down and Captain Kettle are second and third, separated by three-quarters of a length.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S RECREATION AT



Mr. Archibald, the war correspondent of the "Chicago News," with the Manchurians by means of a few simple conjuring tricks. (Photograph by Mr. G. H. Rogers.)

SWIMMING MAY GO THIS EVENING.



Swimming bath at the Bath Club. The Prince and Princess of Wales are to be here this evening to see the finals for the King's challenge cup. The King is expected to be present.—(Reproduced by permission from the "Lady's Realm.")

SEASON'S TOP SCORE.



Hayes, who on Saturday finished his wonderful innings of 273 not out for Surrey against Derbyshire. This is the highest score of the season.

A HUSBAND MYSTERIOUSLY MISSING FOR A WEEK.



Mrs. Margaret White, whose husband has disappeared under most mysterious circumstances, after twenty months of married life. When last seen Mr. White had in his possession £3,750. Mrs. White's purse contains 17s. What has happened to the missing man?

THE KING'S HOSTESS.



Lady Gerard, the King's week-end hostess. His Majesty left Charing Cross on Saturday for Lord Gerard's estate at Eastwell Park, in Kent, and returns to town to-day.—(Photograph by Langlier.)

A RECORD BUILDING FEAT.



This piece of building, an annexe of Harrod's Stores, in the Brompton-road, has established a record for rapidity of construction. The whole work, including a large basement, was done in eighteen days.

THE FRONT.



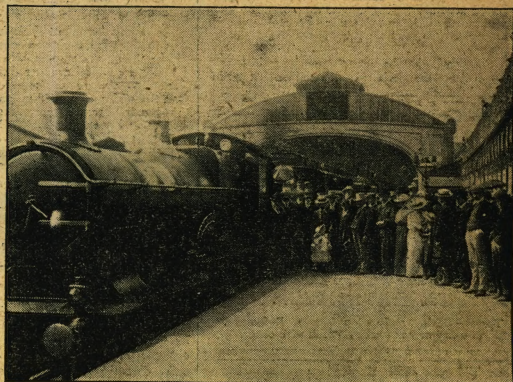
These are great friends of the public.—(Photograph by ...)

SATURDAY'S SPORTS: FRANCE WINS THE POLE-JUMP.



Andre Puissegur wins the pole-jump for France at the Amateur Athletic Championship Meeting at Rochdale on Saturday. He cleared 10ft. 6in.—9in. higher than Morris, of Germany, the holder.

RECORD RAILWAY TRAVELLING.



The new train of the Great Western Railway, which has made a record for a non-stop railway run from London to Plymouth. The service opens to the public to-day. The average speed of the journey was 56.7 miles per hour; the greatest speed 88 miles per hour.

WHAT CHARACTER DOES YOUR HAIR GIVE YOU?

TELL-TALE TRESSES.

TEMPERAMENT DIVULGED BY QUALITY AND COLOURING.

A physiognomist is not content to study only the details of your features, but will tell you that he can read your character by the tint, texture, softness, or harshness of your hair.

Is your hair over elaborately arranged? This suggests that you are unduly punctilious, and that you pay too much attention to trifles and spend too much time on yourself. If, however, it is rough and unkempt it will denote that you are neither neat, precise, nor accurate. As a general rule, an Englishman who wears his hair long is considered effeminate, and it will be noticed that while the athlete is invariably short cropped,

patient's hair rose straight from his head like the mane of a Shetland pony, and it is said that the disease is generally incurable when the lunatic's hair is extremely bristly and unmanageable. Those, however, who possess very greasy hair need not flatter themselves that their characters are all that are perfect. On the contrary, this qualification is said to show that the owner leads an unhealthy and dissipated life. People of gentle, amiable, and quiet dispositions usually possess smooth and fine hair, while curly-haired persons are generally vivacious, gay, self-confident, and vain. Crisp, strong hair indicates much business capacity, and is also a sign of bodily vigour.

Is your hair dark or brown? If either you will probably possess much vitality, with great warmth and passion of feeling. Does it form a species of natural crown above the head and grow downward in waves? If this is accompanied with a perpendicular forehead and a short upper lip, then your friends may justly remark that you have a daring,

FRILLS OF FASHION.

AN ALL-ROUND LOOK AT THE SEASON'S NOVELTIES.

Linen in checked patterns are the latest fancy. Blonde amber hair combs are much in demand.

Spots are in favour, in all sizes and varieties imaginable.

Sea green is one of the prettiest of the season's colours in batistes.

Lawn pokes are charming when inset with arrow insertions of Valenciennes lace.

A considerable vogue is predicted for jet hair ornaments in the autumn, especially for blondes.

The hats of the moment are either very small or extravagantly large.

White linen buttons embroidered to match are worn with coloured linen frocks.

Wide elbow sleeves, of the Louis XV. design, with turned-back cuffs, are much worn in Paris.

The little parasol that has just arrived amongst us is quite a useful and charming addition to the toilette. No girl who wears a large hat requires a big sunshade, and even if she were to fancy such a possession the top-heavy appearance which it and her hat in combination would give her would prevent her caring to appear with both at the same time.

In steps the bijou parasol then, which is light in the hand and most elegant in appearance. The one sketched on this page is made of pale pink silk, with a scattering of pink chiffon roses over each panel, and a silk fringe at the edge to match. The sticks—a long one, another dispensation of fashion that prevents the hat and the parasol from coming into over-close contact with one another.

For hot-weather wear in the open air the smallest possible fans are being sold—fascinating little affairs, made sometimes of feathers, in other cases

Nor should the brocade pouch be neglected; it is a most useful possession for the woman who is about to travel, or who wants a little case to carry her seashore needlework about with her, or to accommodate her endless small possessions, among which she will not probably forget if she is going upon a dusty journey her little book of paper soap, a small phial of Eau de Cologne, and perchance a powder puff.

ELEGANT MILLINERY.

LOVELY HATS ARE SOLD AT HALF PRICE.

Madame Valerie's sale, which begins to-day at 12, New Burlington-street, Regent-street, is certain to attract a very large number of her customers, as well as those who have heard of this renowned hatter's fame, but have not yet exploited it.

Valerie also makes a special appeal to those who either dislike shopping during the sale times, or do not live in London, for she is quite willing to send her millinery on approval to anyone who furnishes her with a London trade reference or a deposit in cash.

The excellent plan of reducing all the millinery to half its original price is adopted by Valerie; this is, of course, an immense drop, and means that the most recherché hats, toques, and bonnets made of the very best materials, and of course in the latest shapes, for nothing of Valerie's is ever allowed to lose its first freshness, can be secured by the bargain hunter at very advantageous rates.

Scented veils are among Valerie's many charming trifles, and are at once becoming in the ap-



The sun-bonnet will be a feature of this week's Henley fashions.

the musician or artist, who may be said to be more sensitive and feminine in his temperament, will often disport long flowing locks upon his shoulders.

Course, dark brown hair that is uneven in length is supposed to indicate innate vulgarity of character. It is stated that no great ruler, nor any man possessed of much governing capacity, ever had curly hair, but that straight-haired men have always ruled the world. Thick, coarse, close, and straight black hair, shows that its owner possesses much industry and a sense of order, but is not remarkable for great mental power.

Flat and sleek hair is not considered indicative of much mental strength, while straight, fair hair often accompanies both a gently amiable disposition and a dull, phlegmatic temperament.

Flery Temperament of Red-Haired Folks

There are no half measures in the character of the man or woman who possesses red hair. Either they are extremely kind and trustworthy, or they are very cruel and deceitful. Red is the colour that suggests the fox, and it is on this account that some people are so prejudiced against red-haired people. One physiognomist declares that many highly-cultured men are noticeable for the scarcity of hair growth on the chin and cheek, and that this applies specially to those whose minds are of a visionary tendency.

A doctor who has had great experience in lunacy cases declares that before each maniacal attack his

Lilliputian parasols and large hats are now worn in company.

headstrong, and obstinate disposition. As a general rule, refinement is associated with silky hair, while those of a rougher mould will possess stiff, wiry, and coarse hair. It must, however, be borne in mind that ill-health has a tendency to make the hair rough and harsh, and many invalids find that their locks become thin and dry, and often fall out altogether after a bad illness. One scientist affirms that those possessing sandy hair may be looked upon as the vestige of an extinct race who were endowed with green eyes. It is a combination that is still sometimes met with, though happily only rarely. When the hair and the eyebrows fail to correspond in colour, the disposition of the person is said to be somewhat untrustworthy and of a wavering instability.

Those who have lost their hair and are thus unable to decipher their own characters by means of the foregoing statements will learn with interest that the negro and mulatto, who are generally considered to occupy a less advanced mental plane than the white man, seldom go bald! But whether bald-headed men, as a rule, are more intellectual than their more hairy-headed brothers is a delicate point that each person must decide entirely for himself.

ELABORATE CENTREPIECES.

THE OLD EPERGNE RETURNS TO FAVOUR.

Half a century ago the centre epergne of cut glass and silver was the badge of the rich man's table. Once more it comes into use, and serves the purpose of a flower-holder and bon-bon vase. The epergne may be bought in different sizes, but the chief demand is for those of moderate height, though occasionally a tall centre-piece is chosen of exceptionally ornate workmanship, which differs from the generality of tall flower-holders, inasmuch as three silver dishes are attached to it, by means of silver chains, which may be used as desired for bon-bons, fruit, or flowers. The combination flower and bon-bon holder makes an especially effective decoration for an elaborately arranged dinner-table.



Above are shown the fashionable wristlet frill and the little fan that is so convenient to handle in the day-time.

of blossomed silk, and again of silk spangled with tiny sequins.

A good look-out should be kept during the sales for pretty bags, built of leather in dull and bright gold settings sometimes ornamented with enamel.

Small hand-bags have made themselves indispensable, with pockets so awkwardly placed as they are.

pearance and delightful to the sense. These are going to be handed over to the customers at the nominal price of 1s. each, while for 2s. 6d. useful and elegant motor veils, and the large drapery ones, now so fashionable, will be sold.

There is no new colour, no smart straw, no fascinating shape, no kind of beautiful flower that Valerie does not exploit, hence her sale is one that should certainly be attended by those who desire to replenish their millinery for the remainder of the summer and the early autumn season.

WISE REMARKS.

Some marriages are like bad rhymes—they begin so well and end so badly.

There is more soul-food in a good hymn than in a bad sermon.

Nothing is more stimulating to endeavour than the knowledge that some one very dear to you believes you will succeed.

A man had better look like a jay than talk like a parrot.

We waste a great deal of time over old wrongs that might be wiped in acquiring new rights.

Many a pretty woman wishes she was forty—at fifty.

A man's man is generally a woman's man; but a woman's man is never a man's.

ANGELA

53, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

The smartest Costumeur and Milliner in the West End.—Vide Fashionable Press Opinions.

CHIC SPECIALITIES.

HATS . . . 1 to 3 Guineas.

BLOUSES . . 2 to 5 Guineas.

COSTUMES . 5 to 20 Guineas.

Terms—Cash or London Trade Reference. Country orders under £5 cash with order.

Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately restores the delicate pearly hues, and prevents the skin from becoming shiny when worn. Deliciously perfumed. Cleans and cleanses. Bottles or tubes 1s. Send 2d. stamps for two samples (different scents).—Icilmia Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), 145, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.

HANCOCK & JAMES,

GRAFTON SALON.

SALE

SALE

SALE

SALE

SALE

SALE

SALE

SALE

MODELS IN . . .

HATS, BONNETS, BLOUSES, GOWNS, JUPONS, &c.

Reduced to less than half the cost price to ensure a speedy and entire clearance.

Blouses Altered to Fit Free of Charge.

NEW VEILS, reduced, from 1s.

MILLINERY from 10/6.

All Millinery Absolutely New and Fresh.

SMART NEW RIVER HATS from 10/9.

SENT ON APPROVAL.

CORSETS during Sale, reduced 10 per cent.

CAN BE SENT ON APPROVAL.

Exquisite Toque, covered with foliage and tinted grapes. Reduced from 2gu. to 15/9.

Black Folded Chiffon Toque, bunches of cherries. Reduced from 35/- to 10/9.

Pretty Flop Hat, white chip, with pink straw garnish of tiny roses and lace drapery. Reduced from 30/- to 21/-.

SPECIALITY.—A Black Crinoline Picture Hat, dotted with sequins, with roses lifting brim and black velvet bow at back. Reduced from 30/- to 21/-.

Picture Hat of Parma violet coloured poppies with green velvet, the brim lined with drawn chiffon. Reduced from 2gu. to 15/9.

Charming Hat of burnt straw with crimson velvet pipings, the crown adorned with crimson earls hat, foliage and red curran s. reduced from 30/- to 10/9. This is the Speciality of Messrs HANCOCK & JAMES' SALE, and can also be had in blue, gooseberry green, and brown at same price, 10/9.

Box of Millinery and Blouses sent into country on receipt of trade reference.

8, GRAFTON ST. (Over Grafton) BOND ST.

MAN WHO CAN'T FEEL.

He Will Allow Himself To Be Stabbed by Pins.

His name was George Smith, and he wanted a job.

There are many of the Smith family who want jobs. It is usually because they want something to eat. George Smith has not any particular interest in eating, because he cannot taste; he also cannot feel.

George Smith introduced the matter of a job by casually running a large pin into his hand. He was proceeding to take a portion of the bald part of his head between his fingers and run a pin through that when his auditor tried to change the subject. It was suggested to Mr. Smith that he had called

about a job. Mr. Smith, gloomily running a pin into himself, said that these were the jobs he wanted.

He made himself plain. He wants to stand before an audience of his fellow-men and have one hundred safety pins run into him. He also will put his hands in boiling water, and if anyone feels inclined he may place five-hundredweight on both of his feet.

Mr. Smith is by birth and training a bricklayer's labourer, but four years ago he underwent some seizure through which he has lost all taste, smell, and feeling; he also does not sleep.

Mr. Smith is emboldened to embark on this career as a public entertainer because medical students who have seen him have said that his feats were well worth sixpence to any man.

He has been tried with all the remedies known to man, both medicinal and mechanical.

He has been the life and soul of the institutions at which he has stayed. In Marylebone Workhouse he whiled away the slow hours of paupers with displays of his insensibility to pain.

BERNHARDT IN A NEW ROLE.

La Divine Lays a Foundation Stone for Her Wigmaker.

Wardour-street, Soho, the centre of the French colony in London, was gaily decked with flags on Saturday. The display was in honour of a visit from the foremost French actress—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

She arrived at twelve, in a pelting rain shower; to lay the foundation-stone of the new premises of Mr. W. Clarkson, who has for many years been her perquisite.

A marquee had been erected over the site, so there was ample shelter for a large company of theatrical people from the weather. The divine Sarah was received with cheering from her compatriots outside and the guests inside, as she

alighted from her carriage to the strains of the "Marsellaise."

She made a brief speech, expressive of her pleasure in being asked to officiate at the ceremony, and then, carefully spreading the mortar with a silver trowel, declared the stone duly laid.

A vote of thanks was proposed to Mme. Bernhardt by the Countess of Bective, and seconded by Mr. George Alexander, who said he hoped soon to welcome their visitor to the St. James's Theatre.

Bowing her acknowledgments, Mme. Bernhardt then drove away to fulfil her two appearances at His Majesty's Theatre.

ABDUL'S DRIPPING SWORD.

WASHINGTON, Saturday.

Mr. Hay has received a cablegram, dated Ispahan, from the Armenian Bishops in Persia, stating that the Turkish barbarians are massacring thousands, and soliciting America, in the name of Christianity and humanity, to save innocent lives.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (continued.)

"Dream countries, dream houses—dream children," John Heron repeated. "My wife's words slowly, dwelling very tenderly on the last, and then he pulled her gently on his knee. "Gaze into the fire, Trix," he whispered, "and describe the dream country, just as you see it, dear, just as you see it."

"It is a big country," she answered gravely, "a very large country, John, and I think God always intended it to be a great country. It is girdled around with the silver sea, and it is a country my husband must work for. He must give it of his very best, and must not spare himself in the service, for there is so much to do for the dream country. Roads to mend, walls to build, fields to plough, mills to grind—England for the English—and wherever our flag is, that is England."

"I will do my best for the land," said John Heron steadily, "because it is the land, and you are my wife."

"And the dream house?" he questioned. "What about the dream house—are we not to wander into the rooms together, tell me that?"

"A little house for two," she answered carelessly, "that is, first of all. A dear little, wee house, a nest of green, just like this home, John, and then, by-and-by, it grows larger; not all at once, you know, but by-and-by." There was no mistaking the fact that she had tears in her eyes now, tears of pure joy, and the man, marking them, slipped his arm about her waist and held her very closely to him, so close that he could feel the wild throbbing of her heart, the warm heaving of her breast.

"Go on, my wife," he said tenderly, "tell me more about the little house, the house that grows."

"A big room," she replied, in a voice that hovered between sobbing and laughter, "a great, big room, in which a wise man will sit thinking out and pondering over speeches which are to make the world start—wonderful speeches. And thoughts are to wing their way from that room to all quarters of the globe. Do you see the room in the house? It has just begun to be built, but the building will go on rapidly."

"I see it in your eyes," came his low answer, "but tell me about the other rooms."

"The other rooms," she flushed up, a warm, delightful red flush. "I see my room, a room in which the dear, wise man will come when he wants to forget the world outside—the great heaving, tumultuous, raging world. It must be such a soft, restful, and pretty room, full of books and flowers, and it shall be cool in summer, John, and warm in snow." Her voice sank to a low whisper. "If we walk down the corridor," she went on dreamily, "we shall come to a door, the door of the most wonderful room of all. We cannot go in yet, either of us, for it is quite a dream room, but I have had a peep inside, and, because I love you so dearly, so shall you—why don't you speak, John?"

"Let me gaze inside," he said, and this time his voice shook, and he pressed her so tightly that his grasp almost hurt her, for love has a wild strength of its own.

"Only a nest of white," she whispered calmly. "All pure white—a casket waiting for a jewel, the jewel sent men by God. Let us draw the curtains together, John, till they part asunder when the

autumn comes. Then we will enter that room by the light of the harvest moon."

He held her to him silently, and she clung close closer than she had ever thought it possible to cling.

"Isn't it strange," Beatrix said musingly, "that I, who used to be so hard and cold, should have this glory, John? I'm trying to find my soul; I must have one packed away somewhere, and I'm hunting for it. I shall take such care of it when I find it."

"I know one thing," came his swift reply, "and that is, that your soul is found! It gleams from your darling eyes, it smiles from your dear lips." As he spoke he placed her gently back in the chair, and then sank on his knees before her.

"Don't you know," he said softly, "that every man has a shrine in his heart, and it is part of God's decree that he should have—a shrine sacred to the mother and child! Search the wide world over, wander where you will, ask where you may, the shrine is the same, and so, too, the two enthroned. It is part of the scheme of things, Trix, and it was ordained so from the beginning."

She made no answer, but only pressed his hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Vengeance is Mine."

"Begone, dull care, I prithee begone from me; begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree." Philip Denzil roused himself with a start from fire-side musings to realise that Paul Carew had returned to the kennel.

He stood in the doorway, singing in his old wild fashion, whilst he patted the excited and delighted dog and threw a nod of greeting to the cat, whilst Faith, the bird, on the dresser, rustled all his feathers with pleasure at the master's return. Philip Denzil rose from his seat with a smile of welcome, for he had missed his old host during the long weeks of his absence more than he would have deemed possible.

"I'm glad to see you, so glad," he exclaimed, heartily, "we have all been warm and snug here during your absence, dog, cat, bird, man."

"You put man last on the list, I see," replied Carew, with an approving nod, "that is as it should be. Down, Hopton, don't bite your master's hand off, there's nothing on earth so trying as superfluous gratitude." He crossed the floor in two strides as he spoke, and flung himself down on the rug in front of the fire; "I'm tired," he said curtly, "I've tramped here from London, followed the winding road, and with no earthly reason for doing so, either, for my pockets are stuffed with money; but a certain gipsy humour is on me, and I have to indulge this when it does come."

"Are you hungry?" asked Denzil, stirring the pot on the fire, and glad that he had prepared a savoury meal. "I want you to approve of my cooking."

"I would gnaw a bone," came the frank answer, "for I have been tramping over hill and down dale ever since the sun peeped out and caught me asleep this morning, and it is now close on noon. I shan't stay long here, though. I've a longing on me for the East."

"I feel choked here," Carew went on, after a brief pause, and the ringing of the church bells drives me wild when I look round and see the vice and misery flaunting down the streets, and the desperate attempts that Europe makes to white-

wash her towns, and to throw dust over plague spots. It is the confounded hypocrisy of the whole thing that annoys me, and the social and religious cheat that gets on my nerves. In the East, it is different. Why, the people there seem to realise that they are mere ants moving on in a circle, instead of the lords of life and death. Ah! food at last," and here he rubbed his hands and came forward to the table; "I shall cease to pose as a philosopher now that I see food. I shall enjoy my meal simply and as a savage does. A savoury very indeed." His eyes glittered with satisfaction as they fell on the heaped-up food Denzil had put on his plate, and he commenced to eat with almost ravenous haste, not forgetting, however, to throw scraps to the dog and cat, who came fawning about his knee.

When his hunger was satisfied he leaned his arms on the table and looked across at Philip Denzil. "I don't know why I should take you into my confidence; no, confound it, I don't. But I wonder what you would do in my place? If you came on your wife suddenly, by pure accident, mind you, and discovered her dressed in soft, costly clothes, wearing glittering jewels, and living in the very lap of luxury—well, say that you saw all this, whilst you were peering in at her through the window pane, a man's arm round her waist, the man she had just promised to marry, forgetful that she had a goat-bird husband—it would unnerve and startle you a bit, wouldn't it?"

Denzil hesitated a second before replying. So this was the reason of Paul Carew's strange mood and savagery of expression; he had found the wife who had deserted him so easily, taking his guilt as proved.

"Did you make yourself known to her?" he asked, at last; "I suppose that was the only thing to do."

"Hardly possible under the circumstances," replied the other, with cool nonchalance lighting a cigarette as he spoke, and proffering one to Denzil. "You see, my dear friend, the police were after me. I had been helping myself to my neighbours' goods, relieving a pretty little flaxen-haired doll of her jewel-box—and she would have felt it less had I absconded with her child—so it was hardly the moment to make a dramatic entry into my wife's pretty drawing-room. She inhabits a flat, by-the-way—a flat with a most convenient chain of balconies running from block to block; but she saw my face peering through the pane. Oh, yes, she was not mistaken about that." Here Paul Carew smiled in sinister fashion, showing all his white, gleaming, savage teeth.

"But what's going to happen," asked Denzil, "and what about her engagement to the other man; of course, she had broken it off?"

"Oh, you don't know, my pretty Amy," replied Carew, with a sneer, "nor her belief in the almighty power of the dollar. She has been trying to buy my silence. There's been a quaint advertisement in all the leading papers during the last month, asking Paul Carew what price he sets his silence at, and simply signed 'A.' I put in an answer yesterday, only a curt two lines: 'Paul Carew congratulates Amy, and washes his hands of her.' Neat and to the point, isn't it?"

"Washes his hands of her," repeated Denzil, slowly. "Is this true? do you really intend to be so magnanimous, and to let fate divorce you?"

"For a year or so," replied the other, with a cruel laugh, "till I am tired of wandering in the East, and then I shall come home and call on my pretty wife. She will have contracted another marriage by then, and will be guilty of bigamy, so

I shall have her completely in my power, and turn the screw as I wish. First of all I'll frighten her out of her jewels, those dazzling, glittering gems which mocked my poverty the other night, and then I'll ask for money—gold, first of all, crisp bank notes; later, and last of all, I'll claim herself. It will be a fine, a merry revenge."

He flung himself down again on the hearthrug, whilst Philip Denzil looked at him aghast and horrified. "You would never serve a woman so," he protested feebly. "Are you more devil than man?"

"Whatever I am," came the sullen answer, "man has made me. What can you expect from a wretch flung into Princetown, innocent of crime, and kept there for years? Haven't my very heart been torn out of my body by Amy's little soft fingers? Wasn't I betrayed by my sister and deserted by every soul I thought my friend? Do you think that I have no right to be my own avenger, and as for these others, they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

"Yes, yes," Denzil paused, and then came forward, standing within the circle of the fire-glow. "I can understand an innocent man in Princetown doing all you say. When I, a really guilty man, cursed the barbarism of our prison system, what must you have felt, you, who were innocent—Yes, yes, I can understand."

"And my sister?" Paul Carew said softly. "Shall I give you an example of the way in which I punished my sister and that lover of hers? Oh, I devised a brave and subtle punishment. Watch me, and you shall laugh as I do." He took out a piece of rough twine from his pocket, and then called the dog to him.

Hopton bounded up gaily, barking and frisking, but the man took no heed of the animal's rough gambols. Carew pushed the animal roughly down, and then he tied the twine round its throat, making a sort of collar, a collar with a long loose end.

Philip Denzil watched him, feeling perplexed and puzzled, for he wondered what the man had in his mind to do. The dog also cast wistful glances at his master, as though surprised by the strange performance.

"Hi, Charity, old girl," cried Paul, enjoying the cruel sport of his jest, "come and be yoked to your natural foe. And you, come along, puss, there's no evading the master. Ah, you scent mischief, do you, green eyes! Never mind, you shall come all the same, and I dragged the crouching cat up by the scruff of her neck and proceeded to leash her to the dog."

"This is pure cruelty," interrupted Denzil; "cut the string, or they will be fighting each other in another moment, poor beasts."

"So will the other pair whom I have yoked together," said Carew, in tones of savage exaltation, and then he clapped his hands. "Fight, tear, scuffle, bite," he cried fiercely, trying to excite the two animals to conflict.

But the dumb brutes were wiser, for after that one second of bristling hate, they resigned themselves to the situation, and crouched down in front of the fire as far apart as the string would admit.

"Damn," cried Paul Carew, "that is not the result that I aimed after," and then he cut the twine with a light laugh. "If I thought my other couple would settle down as comfortably," he went on in mocking tones, "I should have to think of another scheme of vengeance. They say that even a cat will die for her offspring, and it is pretty certain that you can make a man suffer through his child."

(To be continued to-morrow.)

HOUSE-CLEANING.

Ordinary soap—rubbing, scrubbing, sweating—smell of soapsuds, confusion, steamed windows, ruffled temper. Fels-Naptha—easy as cleaning tea-things—stains disappear—dirt lets go its hold—dusting is scarce easier. As easy for you to prove as it is for us to say so. Your grocer sells you a bar on this condition—that you get your money back if you're not satisfied.

Go by the book.

FELS-NAPTHA
IN
HOUSEWORK.

PEER WHO RIVALLED ALADDIN.

**How Lord Anglesey, Who Wore
£250,000 Worth of Jewels
in a Pantomime, Now
Supports Life on
£2,000 a Year.**

This is a record-breaking age. One hears with something of weariness of new vast fortunes which spring up from sources which have never before been drawn upon.

Men who were a few years ago unheard of now stand at the head of interests which affect the well-being of thousands of their fellow creatures. Just, however, as the amassing of wealth in the hands of individuals has increased so greatly during the past few years, so have equally increased the



The Marquis of Anglesey as a small boy.

means of disposing of money. Through the existence of these large fortunes a life of luxury has arisen which transcends the extravagance of any former age, and a time which produces the most wonderful makers of money produces also the most wonderful spendthrifts.

If the career of a young man, whose name has figured so much lately in the newspapers, were written soberly and accurately by any writer, that writer would find himself described as having talents of an order which should ensure his success as a novelist. The facts of the life of the Marquis of Anglesey during the six brief years of his holding of the title sound like some wild romance written round an imaginary French nobleman of the period just preceding the Revolution.

Born in 1875, little is known of the childhood of the young Marquis. Perhaps the first occasion on which he attracted attention was on his marriage with his cousin, the beautiful Miss Lilian Chetwynd. The jewels which the Marquis presented to his bride caused comment even in society: they were of a richness which had never been equalled in any wedding gift, and their profusion was almost barbaric. The Marquis had given the first sign of a jewel-mania which was to pass all bounds.

MAGPIE TRAITS.

"The Marquis of Anglesey's jewels," the phrase sounds almost like the refrain of a popular song, it is so familiar. From the days of his youth the Marquis was always attracted by jewels and pretty nick-nacks. On coming into his estates he gratified this predilection. No price of any precious stone seems to have had any terrors for him.

The £10,000 pearl scarf-pin has attracted the most publicity because it was among those stolen from the Marquis a year or two ago. But the Marquis was catholic in his tastes. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises—nearly all the precious stones found in him a ready buyer. He also devoted a certain amount of attention to stones of not quite so precious a character, and cast a kindly eye upon all sorts of queer charms and examples of queer settings.

What was the object of this queer craze for pearls? It seems to have been twofold. Lord Anglesey had something of the magpie about him, a strange habit of hoarding these precious belongings, which was shown by the unexpected places in which they have been found during the recent searchers.

The second object with which he bought pearls was a mania for self-adornment, which led him into another strange set of excesses—his pursuit of a semi-theatrical career.

Lord Anglesey seems always to have been attracted by the theatre, but at a certain point in his life he seized upon this means of exhibiting his priceless jewels. His little theatre in Anglesey Castle, which he built soon after he succeeded to his estates, was nothing more than a very expensive setting for the jewelled Marquis.

As Pekoe in "Aladdin," the pantomime which he produced in 1902 in his bijou theatre, he stood forth literally covered with his jewels. He wore from time to time fresh costumes covered with new

jewels, the total value of which was estimated at over a quarter of a million pounds.

Thackeray in writing of the financial downfall of one of his heroes attributed it to his great catholicity of taste; the same cause has contributed to Lord Anglesey's present condition. Jewels may be extravagant, but they are portable property, and it is doubtful whether, when the whole of Lord Anglesey's hoard has been routed out, his creditors will not benefit very substantially.

The theatrical earnings of the Marquis had, however, no such redeeming feature, nor the unexampled magnificence of his life at Anglesey Castle, nor the countless hobbies which had for their sole end and object the spending of money. If the object of the Marquis of Anglesey's life was the crippling of his family estates he has succeeded beyond his wildest hopes.

And what estates they were to cripple! The full story of the débacle was recently read before a awed meeting of the Marquis's creditors at the beginning of last month. The Marquis was not there, though a gentleman at the meeting who had a bankruptcy notice in his pocket wanted to see him most particularly. But the Marquis was represented by an accountant, who took the meeting into his confidence about the income of his noble client.

It had, he declared, been but a poor £110,000. A sum of £20,000 must go, it was urged, for the mere "keeping up" of the estates. The Marquis's pin money figured at £10,000 a year.



The Marquis of Anglesey at the present day.

About £25,000 annually settled claims for interest on debts, and £38,000 had to go in the payment of insurance premiums.

The poor Marquis had only £10,500 a year to deal with, and he had to be kept alive, not so much for his own sake but because in so doing short life policies would be extinguished and amounts payable for premiums would go to the creditors.

The creditors, to the extent of £54,000, sat around gloomily waiting; they went away gladdened with a deed of assignment which allowed the Marquis £2,000 a year and provided a dividend of three shillings in the pound in the near future.

COSTLY BRACES.

Where was the Marquis? He was abroad. Gone were all the joys of the Anglesey Castle, the thrilling appearances in so many jewels as to render the dancing for which he was so justly famed well-nigh impossible. The suite of valets and hairdressers with whom he was accompanied in the past were no longer his.

A dreary future faced him—a hopeless outlook of £2,000 a year. The cruellest blow which had been made public at the creditors' meeting was that he had no relatives to afford him pecuniary aid at this awful juncture.

As he sat despondently during these last days in a Paris café he was approached by an enterprising French journalist, who asked him all about it. Was

it not difficult, he questioned, to get rid of so much money? The Marquis assured him on his honour that it was the easiest thing in the world.

The journalist doubted; he mentioned the fabulous figures of his lordship's hosiery bills, but Lord Anglesey cut him short with his gold and diamond braces—the pair that cost £3,000. He hinted with dignity that such braces had to be lived up to and entailed a proportionate hosiery bill.

One ray of brightness illumines the dreary path of the noble exile—he can never again be robbed of his jewels. The cruel blow which fell upon his lordship last year, when jewels to the extent of £30,000 disappeared in one haul, can never fall again. The situation is now quite different; jewels of which his lordship had lost all count are being found all over his castle.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—JEW.

Russian Lecturer Discovers That All Our Great Men Are Hebrews.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Thursday.

M. Levenitz, who has been giving a series of popular lectures here on "Russia and England," explains Britain's anti-Russian feeling in the following strange manner:—

"The great English leaders of thought and action during recent years have been almost exclusively of Jewish origin.

"Disraeli was a Jew, who was not ashamed of

his origin, but the modern Jews conceal their descent under English surnames.

"Mr. Chamberlain's grandfather, by name Josef Bernstein, emigrated from Poltava in the reign of Paul. Lord Rosebery is also a Jew. He has distinct Hebrew features, and showed his Jewish tastes by his marriage to a Rothschild.

The butcher of Khartum, Lord Kitchener, is by race a Polish Hebrew, his father being a certain Levi Katzenstein of Lublin.

"The famous authoress, Miss Marie Correll, is an Italian Jewess; while Mr. Thomas Hardy, one of Britain's best novelists, conceals under his English surname, the patronymic of Lazarus, as the Frankfurt archives show.

"Lord Henry Campbell-Bannerman is of Dutch-Jewish origin. His real name should be Lord Henry Bles, for his father, a kosher fish-merchant, named Heinrich Bles, emigrated from Rotterdam to Aberdeen in 1880.

"The English Parliament threatens to exclude 'undesirable aliens,' continued the lecturer, "and it is the irony of fate that all its chief ornaments are themselves of 'undesirable' ancestry."

Mr. Balfour, who left town on Saturday afternoon noon for Blenheim on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, returns to town to-day.

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NEW "MIRROR" MOTOR TRIALS.

Further Entries Include Mr.
Ernest Instone and Mr.
Claude Watney.

ELEVEN CARS SO FAR.

In addition to the nine cars already entered, a list of which was published in Saturday's *Daily Mirror*, other entries have been received.

The King's Makers.

Perhaps the most notable is the entry of a car made by the Daimler Motor Company, of Coventry. This company has supplied many motor-cars to his Majesty the King. Mr. Ernest Instone, the business manager of the company, has telegraphed his intention to enter one of the Daimler cars if the conditions and date of the trial are suitable.

Mr. Claude Watney.

Mr. Claude Watney, writing from the London Motor Garage Co., Ltd., 33, Wardour-street, London, W., provisionally enters a car, either a "C.G.V." (i.e., Charron, Girardot, and Voigt car) or a "Pipe" car. Mr. Watney adds:—

"You will doubtless remember that the 'C.G.V.' car is manufactured by Messieurs Charron, Girardot and Voigt.

"Messrs. Charron and Girardot are both winners of the Gordon-Bennett Cup; and the 'C.G.V.' car last year gained the Automobile Club's special gold medal for 'dustlessness' in the September Reliability Trials.

"The 'Pipe' car represented Belgium in the Gordon-Bennett race this year, and M. Hautvast finished the course sixth in order."

Eleven Entries.

The list of provisional entries at present published now includes eleven cars, and comprises almost all the leading motorists and cars. It is hoped that the sanction of the Automobile Club to the trial will be received early in this week. The *Mirror* has proved that motorists are anxious for the trial to be organised, and the committee of the club have been informed that the *Mirror* will not permit any speed in excess of the legal limit, and, of course, the observers will be so chosen that their records will be beyond suspicion.

Non-Stop Difficulties.

The public are divided on the question of the reliability of the motor vehicles.

Ladies and gentlemen whose experience may have been confined to a few short drives which have been successfully carried out are inclined to judge that all motors can now run an unlimited distance without stopping.

On the other hand, those whose experience has been unfortunate believe that all motors break down.

The thousand miles trial organised by the Automobile Club last September consisted of eight runs, varying in distance from 90 to 150 miles a day for eight days, making, in all, a total of over 1,000 miles. The result of the trial showed roughly that only about 71 per cent. of the starters completed the trial, 29 per cent. retired, and only 3 per cent. completed the 1,000 miles without a stop on the road.

On the first day's run to Margate and back (150 miles), 37 out of 104 starters failed to complete the journey with a stop.

On the last day's journey, to Brighton and back, only fifty-four out of seventy-five starters did the journey of ninety-one miles without a stop.

There is, therefore, much to be learned yet as to the capability of cars to continue running for long distances without their wheels coming to rest, and the *Mirror* trials cannot fail to produce most interesting results.

BELGIUM OUTPLAYED.

British Isles Lawn Tennis Team Successful at Wimbledon.

At Wimbledon on Saturday the first stage was entered on of the matches between the British Isles (holders) and Belgium (challengers) for the Davis International Lawn Tennis Cup.

It will be remembered that France and Belgium, the only competitors, played each other during the championships last week, and that Belgium won, rather unexpectedly, after some very hot fights.

The teams are:—
British Isles: R. F. and H. L. Doherty, and F. L. Rieley.

Belgium: P. De Borman and W. Lemaire.
Saturday's matches consisted of singles:—
Rieley v. Lemaire, and H. L. Doherty v. De Borman.

The first was thought to be a foregone conclusion, and the result fully justified the forecast, Lemaire being able to get only 4 games in the three sets, and losing 3 sets to 0: 1-6, 1-6, 2-6.

Rieley was of altogether too high a class for his opponent and was never the least extended.

The match was not an exhilarating one to watch, there being practically no volleying or smashing,

most of the points being won by a mistake on the other side of the net.

A much better game from a spectator's point of view was that between Doherty and De Borman. Doherty was expected to win pretty comfortably, and eventually did so.

A Belgian Lead.

But the Belgian got into his stride at once, and when, after three games all had been called in the first set, he won the next, and actually led his opponent 4-3, there were those who hoped that he would put up a good fight.

It was not to be, however. Doherty, with capital low volleys at the net, made it 4 all, and winning the next two, took the first set, 6-4.

De Borman should have made it 5-4 in his favour, for he missed an easy smash when he was leading 40-15.

The next two sets call for little comment. In spite of several long base-line rallies, in which the Belgian conspicuously shone, Doherty outplayed him at practically every point, and won as he liked, taking the match three sets to love, 6-4, 6-1, 6-1.

Some idea of the extent to which he was out-matched may be gained from the fact that in the last set, excluding the game he won, De Borman took only six points.

In both matches it seemed as if the Belgians would have done better by running in more when they had their opponents in difficulties. By staying back they allowed them to recover themselves at their leisure.

To-day's play starts at 4.30, when the Dohertys play De Borman and Lemaire.

DANCING ON THE TILES.

Fancy Dresses and Chinese Lanterns at a Roof Party.

High up above the streets of Chelsea, with the Thames glittering in the moonlight below, the members of a Bohemian society established for the revival of old dances organised a unique gathering on Saturday on the housetops in Cheyne-walk.

The programme requested members to wear fancy dress and bring Chinese lanterns, and the arrival of the guests, armed with Chinese lanterns on poles created a considerable stir in the King's-road.

When, after a climb of seven flights of stairs or so, a *Mirror* representative emerged upon the wide asphalted house-top, whither the dancers had been bidden, proceedings were in full swing. Attired in fancy costume, and swinging lanterns of every shape and colour, the devotees of Terpsichore were parading about the roof, chanting as they went.

There was a Cherry Girl in animated conversation with Chess, represented by a Walter Raleigh dress, adorned with chess-boards, while behind them a tall Turk was endeavouring to light the lantern of Summer, who appeared to find a chill breeze too much for her, as she was wearing an open cloak.

Meanwhile a "farandole" had been arranged, and the energetic dancers were soon apparently engaged in playing "follow my leader" over the tiles. The scene was most picturesque, the moonlight rays of the lanterns, blending with the moonlight, lent even the chimney-pots an aesthetic appearance. As the evening wore on and midnight approached, the dancers gradually yielded to the chill wind and descended to refreshments, which were awaiting them in rooms on the ground floor.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.

Draw for the Three Days' Racing—
Saturday's Practice of the Crews.

All arrangements are now completed for this season's Henley Regatta, which commences in earnest to-morrow, although a couple of heats in the sculling event will be decided to-day.

Very little practice took place on Saturday. The first crew to try the course was the eight of Magdalen College, Cambridge, coached by the Rev. Mr. Donaldson. A poor display was given, Magdalen College taking over 9min. for the full course.

New College was the full course in 7min. 45sec., the time for the half-course being 3min. 44sec. St. John's did the course in 8min. 10sec. Radley made their first appearance.

The London second eight did the full course in 8min. 55sec.

The Winceps four did the course, and had to stop a few strokes from the post because a raft of skids was in the way. Granta did the full course in 8min. 15sec.

The University crew did the course in 8min. 25sec.

After the annual lunch in the town hall the draw was made, with the following result:—

Grand Challenge Cup.—Heat A: Thames R.C. v. New College, Oxford. Heat B: London R.C. v. Leader R.C.

Ladies' Plate.—Heat A: New College, Oxford, v. Eton College. Heat B: Winner of A v. St. John's College, Oxford. Heat C: First Trinity, Cambridge, v. Radley College. Final: Winner of B v. winner of C.

Thames Challenge Cup.—Heat A: Molesey R.C. v. First Trinity, Cambridge. Heat B: Caius College v. Granta R.C. (Bucks). Heat C: London R.C. v. St. John's College, Oxford. Heat D: Kingston R.C. v. Thames R.C. Heat E: Winner of C v. winner of A. Heat F: Winner of D v. winner of B. Final: Winner of F v. winner of E.

Stewards' Plate.—Heat A: London R.C. v. Third Trinity, Cambridge. Final: Winceps v. winner of A. Visitors' Plate.—Heat A: Magdalen College, Oxford, v. Third Trinity, Cambridge. Final: University College, Oxford, v. winner of A.

Wolff Cup.—Heat A: London R.C. v. Chester R.C. Heat B: Kingston R.C. v. Thames R.C. Heat C: Magdalen College v. Eton College. Heat D: Heat B: Caius College a bye. Heat E: Winner of A v. winner of B. Heat F: Winner of C v. Caius College, Cambridge. Final Heat: Winner of E v. winner of F.

The Goblets.—Heat A: Nadin and Beck v. Goldie and Taylor. Final: Winner of A v. Beresford and Blackstaffe.

Diamond Sculls.—Heat A: Ashe v. Rixon. Heat B: A. A. Stuart v. Scholes. Heat C: Cloutte v. C. C. Hunt. Heat D: Kelly v. Mosat. Heat E: Winner of B v. Wells. Heat F: Mahon v. winner of A. Heat G: Winner of D v. winner of E. Heat H: Winner of F v. winner of C. Final: Winner of H v. winner of G.

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